A Suggestive Suggestion

EARLY in December an important and unusual letter came to WORLD CALL office from one of our city churches. That letter is important and unusual, not on account of the long list of subscriptions, although that is good, but rather because the list represents *every family in the church.* That church was the first one to become 100 *per cent* WORLD CALL *in every home,* after the action taken at the St. Louis Convention in October, 1920—suggesting this as one of the goals of the churches.

This church is outstanding in leadership of both minister and official board in helping the Woman's Missionary Society bring about this very desirable result.

Yes, that pastor *is* a busy man but he had a *vision* that WORLD CALL in every home would be such a help in his future work that he could well afford to take the comparatively short time to push to success this piece of work. The official board of that church is composed of shrewd business men. Their decision to guarantee payment of all subscriptions demonstrates conclusively that they are good business men. *Why?* Because they know that by having WORLD CALL in every home it will be an easier task to raise the current expense and missionary budgets of the church than could possibly be done without WORLD CALL.

The vision of that pastor and the action of that official board are the acme of Christian forethought and efficiency. It is a challenge to every pastor and official board in our brotherhood.

Will *your* church be next to take up this important piece of work. A very simple plan has been worked out whereby we will assist you in making WORLD CALL 100 per cent in your church. If you will write our Circulation department a folder will be sent you outlining the plan and giving the name of the church which first used it. Write today.

WORLD CALL made a good record in December, 1920—10,000 subscriptions paid.

WORLD CALL is only $1.50 a year.

WORK FOR WORLD CALL

Archibald McLean Memorial Number

MARCH WORLD CALL will be a memorial number in honor of Archibald McLean. We hope to have it in the hands of all our readers before the end of February so that the material appearing in it may be used in preparation for the first Sunday in March as Archibald McLean Day.

We honor ourselves in honoring the memory of this great man, and it is especially fitting that the first Sunday in March, which was always a red letter day in his calendar, should be given this special celebration this year, for Archibald McLean was the embodiment of Foreign Missions among the Disciples of Christ.

Our Advertisements Recommendations

CAREFUL and conscientious scrutiny is given every advertisement that appears in WORLD CALL to make sure both that the advertiser is reliable and that the proposition which he is presenting is a fair one. Our aim is to make the advertising space of the magazine a real help to our readers. Please mention WORLD CALL when answering advertisements.

WORLD CALL

Continuing

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The MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER — *The* CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST
BUSINESS IN CHRISTIANITY

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David Orville Cunningham

Born in Fayette County, Western Pennsylvania, 1875; Educated at California, Pennsylvania, Ada and Hiram, Ohio, and Yale; Married Miss Jennie Renser, Ada, Ohio, 1904; Preached at Van Wert, Aurora and Findlay, Ohio; Missionary in India 1905-1918; Member of first Men and Millions Movement Team; Recruitment Secretary Overseas Service Disciples of Christ.

TO INFORM THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED TO INTEREST THOSE WHO OUGHT TO BE INFORMED

WORLD CALL

FEBRUARY, 1921 VOL. III NO. 2

Why Not Preach?

A FEW weeks before the death of A. McLean one of his associates asked him what led him to enter the ministry. To the surprise of his friend he answered, "I hardly know."

At the time of the great man's funeral this incident was mentioned to his sister. She said at once, "I can tell. With the inheritance he had and the home influences that surrounded him, he could not do otherwise. I myself wanted to be a foreign missionary."

Has not the church been maintaining the wrong attitude toward the calling of young men to preach? The initiative has been left to the individual. And then in effect, if not specifically, every one who has expressed a desire to preach has been asked to prove that he has been called of God to the sacred task.

On the contrary, the Church of Christ should practice universal conscription. To the ablest and finest of her sons she would say, " 'Preach the Word; be urgent, in season, out of season.' Unless you can prove that you should not, give all your time and strength to this supreme service and leave work of smaller moment to men of smaller calibre."

In the very nature of the gospel every Christian should be an evangelist; "He that heareth, let him say, 'Come.' " Seven were appointed at Jerusalem to administer brotherhood relief, but it was not long until one of them was called "Philip the Deacon," and another received the crown of martyrdom for preaching the Word.

Is not much, if not most, of the modern barrenness and impotence of the church due to the stifling of this natural and holy impulse by seeming to limit the right to preach to men specially called and ordained for that function? Formalism has walled in and sterilized the very Spirit of God. How can the gospel run and be glorified when only one in a hundred or one in a thousand speaks it, and he only in one fenced-off place and at rare and stated intervals? The blight has been partially overcome by the divine impulse's finding expression through Sunday school teachers and belated "personal workers," but still the average church can almost be called "a society for the suppression of the gospel."

Such a system as we have had has further injured the church and thwarted the gospel's spread by allowing many incompetent men to occupy the pulpits where only men of grace and of power should ever appear. All honor to the men of one talent and of two who have done their honest best, but no amount of exertion and no degree of good intentions can enable an inch to cover the space of a yard. The church has been saved from perishing off the face of the earth, but now the hour has struck when it must not only continue to live but must occupy the whole world. This complete conquest calls for leaders ample in numbers and in individual capacity.

What if the Holy Spirit had been restricted in His choice of men at Antioch, as He has been in most modern churches, and a pair of mediocre saints had gone forth to win the Roman Empire for Christ, leaving Saul of Tarsus behind to become the leading lawyer of the city and Barnabas to become head of the principal bank? For the time being and in the one city Saul and Barnabas would have seemed to be men of far greater consequence than the penniless, wandering preachers they actually became, and then they would have sunk into oblivion.

But great as the personal tragedy would have been, the loss to the world would have been vaster than the destruction of life and honor wrought by all the wars from Cain to Hohenzollern, for the whole course of history would have been changed and Europe would have remained a welter of paganism; America an unpeopled wilderness.

Actually some English lad became a "merchant prince" instead of a missionary, and so whole kingdoms

in Africa remain in savagery; some American boy went into manufacture instead of the ministry and ten million people in China still are strangers to Christ; a few lads in Germany chose to be captains in the army rather than ministers of righteousness and so brought the Great War upon mankind. In a word, the ministers and missionaries that might have been, but were allowed rather to burgeon in selfishness, by the grace of God could have made this whole world fairer and happier than the cleanest village in Arcady.

It is all a matter of putting first things first, of choosing the highest, of making our deeds square with our thoughts. Let us right now quit letting the devil sidetrack our Pauls and Wesleys, our McLeans and Sheltons, into law and business, and claim them for the Highest.

The beginning of the necessary reform was made in the employment of D. O. Cunningham as Recruitment Secretary for the foreign missions of the Disciples of Christ. In two years the attendance at the College of Missions has been doubled. Another must carry forward the work so auspiciously begun. Aye, many others must take it up and extend it to home missions and social service and to the ministry as a whole.

Why should not organized Christianity be as wise and efficient as organized baseball? Not only the Major League teams but the more important Minor League organizations have their scouts on the road constantly spotting the most promising players on amateur teams. Nothing is left to chance. Business organizations are equally alert. Why should the supreme interest of mankind in the hands of the Church of Christ be treated less seriously and less intelligently?

It is not enough to urge in a general way that every minister send forth a Timothy; there should be for every five hundred churches some one whose sole business is to see that the right young men are found in sufficient numbers to lead the hosts of God to victory.

When such supervision is given nationally and by states and provinces local leaders will become alert and parents will join them in challenging the fittest of their sons with the watchword of a going and growing church,

Why not Preach?

D. O. Cunningham

By GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN

D. O. CUNNINGHAM was my brother. Not that we had the same parents or that we grew up together. We did not meet until both of us were mature men, and then we met in far away India. It was the eleventh of November, 1905, when D. O. Cunningham and his wife, with three other missionaries who had just landed in Calcutta, stepped off the afternoon train and were our guests for a brief time, and then went on their way to Harda.

We older missionaries loved these new folks from the start; how could we do otherwise? Radiant with enthusiasm, with energy, with hope, filled with joy at the realization of their long desire to take up the service of God in that land which has so much need of Him, they were an inspiration to us. They sang for us. Can we ever forget their message in song? Among other things, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham sang as a duet, "There's a beautiful land, On a far away strand." How their voices rang out the hope and conviction in that song!

I have since heard them sing this song many times; to me it was their song. I heard it sung by four girls of the College of Missions beside the open casket containing the still form of him whose voice could no longer join in the chorus. And near me was sitting the brave wife who had so often united her voice with his in those inspiring words, stunned by the sudden silencing of that ever cheerful voice, seeking to still the sobs of the two fatherless children.

Mr. Cunningham came into the work with the unbounded enthusiasm of a man who trusted in God and loved to work. His first term of missionary service was spent in Harda, mainly in charge of the schools there, and he did a splendid work. There was a strong bond between him and the Christian young men who went there for their education; he helped them and they responded to his life and his dealings with them. Much of the time he was in charge of the evangelistic work in the station, and at times was able to go out with the Indian preachers and preach the gospel in the many villages which surround Harda. Regularly, too, he would take his stand by the old clock tower in the Harda bazar and, with a few Indian workers to help in the song and the spoken message, seek to draw the attention of some of the passing throng to the claims of the redeeming Christ. His heart was in this work. He preached too for the Indian church, sometimes for the English church, at other times he had charge of the medical workers and looked after the hospital. For several years he served as mission secretary and we all loved him in that capacity.

In 1912 he came to America on furlough and spent some time in advanced studies in Yale. On his return to India, he went to Bilaspur where his work was essentially evangelistic. There was the great Bilaspur church of some four hundred members, the outstation work among people many of whom were responsive, a group of Indian workers some of whom he had had in his High school in Harda. He was a happy man, a hard working man, a lovable man, an appreciated man.

My own associations with him were close. We met frequently in mission conferences, on committees, in our annual vacations. It was a joy to have him on a com-

mittee with one; his one great desire to further the interest of the Kingdom of God made him ever ready to yield to the plan of some one else if that plan seemed a good one. He never felt that he had too much work, but always responded when an extra call was made on him. He was one who could write in the vernacular and was used much in that line, too.

He was one of our best men. We could ill spare him. Our lives are poorer. India is poorer. The kingdom on earth is poorer. Our United Society is poorer and will find it difficult indeed to find any one to take up the task he was performing at the time of his death, and be his equal in the recruiting of missionary candidates.

Yet he lives. He lives in the lives of those strong Christian characters he was so influential in developing in India; he lives in the life of the many whom he led into the waters of baptism; of those whom he inspired by his songs and touched by his spiritual messages. He lives in the life of the members of his family; he has contributed something to every one of his fellow missionaries. He lives, as he ever lived, with the eternal Father and the ever loving Christ.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" He loved us so well and we all loved him. Our hearts are torn. Yet thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. We shall meet again.

"Orville," said his wife, when it seemed that he could not live, "We have been talking about White Gifts for the King. I am afraid you will have to be our Christmas gift this year." And he said, "It is all right." "Are you satisfied?" she asked. "Perfectly satisfied," he replied. Thank God for such a life!

Archibald McLean

By GEORGE A. CAMPBELL

I glorify my ministry.—Romans 11:13.

WHY did we love him so greatly?

Why did so many thousands love him?

To have made a few friends is an accomplishment not to be gainsaid. But to have won many thousands who not only admired but loved, and loved fervently, is so unusual that we are led to inquire the reason.

There can be no doubt that A. McLean had a superlatively large place in the hearts of thousands scattered throughout the world.

"A. McLean is dead" will be whispered from person to person, from home to home, from church to church, from nation to nation. The feeling of great loneliness because of his walking no more upon earth will fill countless hearts. Already the cables have told the missionaries of his death. After the news has been learned, what intimacies of conversation there will be; what stories of his great soul, of his kindly words and his loving deeds will be recalled! Some will look upon his picture and sigh because that face so expressive, so warm, so strong will be seen no more in the flesh.

In thousands of pulpits ministers will mention his death and will speak in deepest affection of him. And after the service friend will recall to friend some interesting anecdote of "Brother McLean" as he was familiarly and lovingly called.

He belonged to the whole church. His heart was so warm, his soul so transparent that many thousands felt as if they knew him thoroughly. His deeper self however was revealed more slowly; but most people knew enough of him to call forth their love and justify them in numbering themselves among his friends.

No other one among the Disciples ever had so many friends, none so large a place in the hearts of the people. *This conquest in the kingdom of affection, of the heart, is to me, Mr. McLean's greatest accomplishment, greatest glory, greatest power.*

Why did we love him so greatly? Why does he command the love of so many thousands? If we can find the answer we will have a secret of inestimable spiritual value.

The text I have chosen I found quoted by him in one of his writings. The thought came at once to me that those four words of the text were expressive of his innermost life.

He glorified his ministry by a choice once for all made

We love him for his consistency.

His ministry was of God. His was a high calling and he must glorify it. To fail to do so would be to dishonor God, from whom and for whom he had his ministry.

In his last book he quotes another to the effect, "that the distinguishing characteristic of the apostle was that he had given himself, and for life, to be a missionary."

Mr. McLean enthusiastically enlarges in his writing upon this thought. Certainly he himself had made the choice "for life". One could not think of him as wavering between an offer of the world and the ministry he had chosen, and which, doubtless, was, as well, chosen for him.

His choice was once for all, his commitment was without reserve, his service whole hearted, his mind entirely sincere.

Therefore he won us to him. We came to trust him and love him. We cannot follow one who is double minded, one who serves God intermittently, one who has two masters, one who would have God, but at the same time would hold on to the world opposing God.

We may be unstable ourselves, but when we look for a spiritual leader we wish one who speaks to us with a whole soul.

We follow and love A. McLean because he had chosen the ministry of God and continued to glorify it throughout his life.

He glorified his ministry by prayer

We loved him because he interpreted our religious natures to ourselves. All men have capacities for the spiritual but we need some discerning soul to lead us to know and understand our higher selves. Mr. McLean being very sensitive and most reverent did not vulgarly nor even easily disclose his soul of prayer. Many stories of his intimacy with God are told. I will not repeat these. There are altars of his inner life I will not seek to approach. But A. McLean did teach men God. He led countless numbers to know reality, the ultimate reality. Through his influence, spirit met spirit. Who could pray as this man who companioned with the eternal? His prayers, not eloquent, not labored, but simple—sincere, opened the windows of heaven to countless souls. Many, who on hearing him pray came to have new conviction and new assurance, went away themselves to pray. It was his custom to send at Christmas time a devotional book to all the missionaries. But every day he poured out his heart to God for all of them.

Our souls cry out for reality—for the genuine, for God.

He who leads us to these will win our gratitude and love. We cannot be satisfied with mere words, with pretext, with secondary things. We cry out for the living God. Our lamented brother, leading many to a firmer, happier faith in God, won their confidence and love.

He glorified his ministry through love and friendship

Others loved him because he gave himself to them in love.

During the years there had grown about him an inner circle of those of the Foreign Society. Perfect harmony, absolute confidence, mutual affection seemed to pervade this circle. All had great respect and great love for the leader, the president. Later the circle was greatly enlarged. It must have been somewhat of a trial to Mr. McLean to fit his heart and hand and home to meet the new condition. But he did not complain; indeed he welcomed and advocated the larger society. I was not of these inner circles, but I have had glimpses enough to know how he loved the younger leaders; and how their love went out to him. I am told he knew all their children by name. Every year he remembered each of these children with a Christmas present. Before he went away this year he had arranged for all their presents. Even though their philanthropic friend is dead they will have their presents this year as formerly. He was a lover of all children and thus he was kept young and lovable.

Mr. McLean was the welcome guest in thousands of homes. He always left some word, some prayer that encouraged and inspired, and that was not forgotten. Who can forget his handshake of affection? He would take his friend's hand in both his and with a warm grasp and friendly word give out courage and cheer.

How the pastors revered him! It was always a benediction to the pastor and the church to have a visit from him. His ministry never overlooked the smallest service of the local church. Wherever he was, he was faithful to both Sunday services to the Sunday school and prayer meeting services.

He glorified his ministry by glorifying the ministry of every pastor and every church and every meeting of the faithful.

It is not unreasonable to believe that Mr. McLean heard more religious addresses than any American of his generation; likely of any generation. He attended many conventions every year, and he was conscientious in being present at every session. He listened to every address. Nothing escaped him. No one has heartened so many speakers as he. Always and everywhere he radiated sympathy. He thus glorified his ministry. For this we love him.

He glorified his ministry by intellectual ability and fidelity

We could not love him as we do if he were a mere sentimentalist. He could not gain our confidence, much less keep it, in that way. He himself clearly saw the direction in which he would lead us.

For 39 years we have followed him with unwavering confidence. He has led us without mistakes. He was reelected to his high office every year. I believe in all these years there was never one vote cast against him. He was a statesman of the church.

Mr. McLean was a student. He never gave up his scholarly habits. His several books are unsurpassed in their field.

For a time he was president of Bethany College, though continuing as secretary of the Foreign Society. He was one of the best presidents that college has had. Mr. McLean was versatile. His mind roamed afar. His reading was limited only by human interest.

Mr. McLean while a loving and ardent and intellectual soul, at the same time was endowed with good judgment. His versatility was ever focused on his one task and purpose.

His judgment was flavored with a rare rich humor which helped him see things in their proper relation. Many stories are told in the intimacies of church circles as to unexpected humorous creations of President McLean. He enjoyed a good laugh with his friends. He was pious but not pietistic. The brotherhood revered him but was not afraid of him. He glorified his ministry by being human. And for this the Disciples followed him and loved him.

A. McLean glorified his ministry by stressing the heroic

He called us to complete commitment. The saints most loved are those who refuse compromise and ease.

We love our brother because he appealed to the heroic within us.

A. McLean was the product of centuries of God's grace. One so single in purpose, so consecrated, so full of spiritual discernment, so full of risk and abandonment for

the kingdom, so separated from worldly entanglements, so devoted to the unenlightened, so disregardful of self, so wholly given to Christ, and yet so mystical and tender, is God's noblest creation, and it takes God time to produce this crown of his handiwork.

Mr. McLean was himself the son of ancesters won by missionaries of the Cross. They were Celts of Scotland. The Celt is not half hearted. His soul is intense, burning with light and fervor to serve the cause that commands his faith. His native, instinctive faith posits the spiritual. He is a mystic. His conviction is that of the martyrs. To him it is a joy to have companionship with the Lord in his sufferings. While there is a mellowness, a sweetness, and a wonderful spiritual intimacy characteristic of this Scotch mysticism, there is also the heroic side that endures hardship and counts not the cost. Mr. McLean was a descendant of the Covenanters.

"It is the crowning glory of the preachers of the covenant that there quivered through them the passion to redeem, and that they could themselves have perished for the saving of others. A prince of their company cried: 'Let me beseech you draw aside the lap of time's curtain and look in through the window to great and endless eternity, and consider if a worldly price—suppose this round clay globe were all your own—can be given for one smile of Christ's Godlike and ravishing countenance.'"

When the Covenanters gathered in the old Greyfriars churchyard to sign the covenant, "some wrote after their autograph 'until death'. Some did draw their own blood and used it in place of ink." Without these we could not have had their spiritual descendant, A. McLean.

What a mystic mind had A. McLean! How intuitive was his spiritual discernment. How his soul bowed naturally in prayer! But what common sense; what firmness of will; what shrewdness; what loyalty; what love of hardness and the heroic!

God, out of the centuries, endowed him so that he could be the worthy messenger of the King that he was.

Robert Wodrow tells the story of a Londoner visiting in Scotland and who on successive Sundays heard three of of her great preachers. He reported that first he heard Mr. Blair of St. Andrew's. "That man showed me the majesty of God", he said. Then continued he, "I afterwards heard a little man preach, Samuel Rutherford—and that man showed me the loveliness of Christ. Then I came and heard at Irvine a well favored old man with long beard—which was the famous Mr. Dickson—and that man showed me all my heart; for he was most famed of any man of his time to speak to cases of conscience."

A. McLean was in the noble line of succession with these noted preachers. No one could hear him without having a greater reverence for God. No one could pass out from under his words without seeing new loveliness in Christ. *But his distinctive ministry was to the conscience of the church.* He would not allow men to be comfortable with a partial vision nor with a partial service. Neutrality and indifference to him were sin. To read his books is to burn with desire to repent and to go forth to give, to do, to be. We love him because of his voice born out of the centuries calling to us with the authority of the ages.

A. McLean glorified his ministry by giving to the church a new and compelling vision

He lifted us up to new heights where we gained a far view of the expansive Kingdom. He won our love because of the new dignity and new passion he brought to our souls.

A. McLean is one of the few outstanding creative leaders that the Disciples of Christ have known.

Thomas and Alexander Campbell were the pioneers who more than any others gave the doctrinal principles; Walter Scott and Barton W. Stone contributed the evangelistic emphasis; Isaac Errett and J. H. Garrison led the brotherhood to a progressive catholicity.

But A. McLean, while in deepest sympathy with and appreciative understanding of these noble men and their messages, more than any other, discovered to the Disciples that loyalty to Christ and fellowship with Christ must mean service. He taught us that dogma and doctrine are of value only when they lead to doing; that the cross is only understood when lived; that the principle "where the Scriptures speak we speak" when intelligently understood leads to the proclamation of Christ's name in the uttermost parts of the earth.

He disclosed to us a much larger Bible. Through him we learned that the Holy Book through and through throbs with the missionary message.

No man of his generation, and likely not of any generation has done more to bring the Bible's message on missions to the conscience of men.

It is marvelous what progress has been made in missions under his thirty-nine years of leadership.

When he first became secretary the Disciples had no missionary in those lands usually called heathen. Now we have them in almost all non-Christian countries.

When he became secretary we had no missionary literature. Now we have enough to create a very respectable library.

When he became secretary we were giving some $7,000 annually to Foreign Missions. Now we need seven figures to tabulate the amount. As a propagandist for missions he has not been surpassed, perhaps not equalled. No man in the United States has been connected with any board of Foreign Missions in any communion as long as he.

There was nothing shoddy in his advocacy. He appealed to the highest and strongest motives. He sought to have deep speak to deep, the deep of God to the eternity of men's hearts. So year after year he built solidly; never was there unhealthful reaction. He foundationed his work in God.

He brought spiritual vision and a warm heart to the building of the Foreign Society; but he brought no less a clear brain. His judgment was sound. It was given after a careful deliberation. He was one of the very best listeners and, therefore, he learned from others.

He was an excellent judge of men. No one who, on his advice, was called to a responsible position ever failed or disappointed. All the foreign secretaries have filled their positions most acceptably and successfully.

His judgment perhaps was not so much intellectual as spiritual. Simple, genuine, single purposed souls are not easily deceived. Like attracts like. Goodness knows goodness.

Just when the Disciples might have tarried too long, at least too exclusively with doctrinal matters, his voice was heard calling his people to preach the gospel to every creature. It was arresting. It was compelling. It was resistless. It will be heard from his grave.

This prophet of the spiritual lived his life when Americans were rapidly amassing great wealth.

He stands out as the apostle of poverty; no not of poverty, but as the apostle of the worthfulness of life, unenhanced and unencumbered by mere things.

While a young minister getting $1,000 a year he gave half of it to the cause of missions. Since the United Christian Missionary Society has been organized he refused to accept some $2,000 a year of additional honorarium. He wanted no money beyond his meager needs.

He was liberal with his very small income, even prodigal in his giving. He wanted no luxuries—unless it was his books; but these were his tools; yes they were his windows, his breath, the fields of his far roaming, his fellowship with the great and good of all time.

He glorified his ministry by his close and constant fellowship with Christ

This was perhaps the most central power in his life. All his writings breathe the love of Christ. Christ was the driving motive of his life. "Pray for Christ, preach Christ, do all for Christ; beware of men pleasing", the words of Samuel Rutherford, well express Mr. McLean's passion.

In seeking to please Christ he pleased Christ's followers. His ministry was glorified by glorifying Christ. He had but one purpose in life and that was to proclaim Christ to all men. Love of Christ filled his soul and overflowed to every one he touched. He looked to Christ and loved, and looked out and far away and loved. And love returned to him with interest.

His whole hearted devotion to Christ kept him humble.

He had many honors—high honors. Great leaders of all denominations gave him high praise. He held highest office in the strongest organization of his own people. But the mind of Christ so possessed him that he remained as simple and unaffected as the best of the saints.

The latter part of his ministry was spent when there was considerable contention in the church. Mr. McLean kept the confidence of all. It is difficult to doubt the man who gives his life and his all for love of Christ.

Mr. McLean has quoted these words:

"He expecteth—doth he find us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents
Of despair.

Shall we, dare we disappoint him?
Brethren, let us rise;
He who died for us is watching
From the skies.

Watching till his royal banner
Floateth far and wide,
Till he seeth of his travail
Satisfied."

He glorified his ministry by intimate fellowship with Christ. Why did we love him? Because our love and his met in a common Christ. And his the purer and brighter and stronger led us to a higher plane where love has less alloy.

Yes, we loved him, loved him for his spirit that glorified his ministry. It will hearten his sister, Mrs. William Catto of Washington, D. C., who is here today, and the brothers and sisters who could not be with us, to hear what they doubtless already know, that A. McLean was the best loved man among the Disciples. We must glorify his ministry by renewed commitment to the great vision and task so dear to him. His mantle will fall upon some of those present. What a benediction, what a challenge has come to them.

Surely God will glorify his ministry by honoring him with a continuance in his labors of redemptive love.

Mr. McLean left all to follow Christ. He never married. There was no wife nor children to care for him in his years of decline, should they have come. He was always self-sufficient. It would have been a grief to him to trouble others to care for him. In the strength of his years he went to God. How triumphant must have been his death!

The Saints of the Cross surely welcomed him as one of their own. The Christ of the pierced hands—Ah, so much had he meant to Him in giving His heart of love voice in the dark places of earth—surely welcomed him and crowned him. And crowning him, may we not believe will continue him in his mission of redemptive love?

Lucile Ford, of Mahoba, India, With Ten of her Indian Orphan Girls.

Just before going to Battle Creek, where he died, Mr. McLean left a manuscript upon one of the "World Call" desks. Among other things which it contained was the sentence: "Every church should support two pastors; one for the thousands at home, the other for the millions abroad. This was the conviction of Jacob Chamberlain, a man who spent forty years as a missionary in India." The Council Bluffs, Iowa, Church has caught the vision and through their living link, Miss Ford, is bringing the unknown Christ, through many of these children, perhaps, to their share of the countless millions who know Him not.

Temperance and Missions

By DR. ROYAL J. DYE

Women Carrying Rum in Africa.

This is a worse achievement of cruelty than making a convict dig his own grave and then stand at its edge so that when he is shot he may fall into it, for these abject slaves are carrying not only their own destruction but that of their children also.

AMONG primitive races alcoholic beverages of more or less alcoholic strength have been found as far back as history records. Some of these were native made; some were introduced by early Portugese navigators, but most of them were comparatively harmless beside the wild fire sent now from more cunning and greedy civilizations. Liquor is one of the first imports of civilization to primitive and backward races.

Not only frequently but almost invariably the ship that bears one or two heralds of a better life, bears also thousands of gallons of rum to damn and debase the natives. The S. S. Lagos, on which our first missionaries went to Africa, was thus laden. It stopped at Old Calabar, Niger Coast Protectorate, for three days and the ceaseless rattle of the donkey engines and cries of the native crew as they worked the cargo, mostly rum, made rest impossible. The English Government's Blue Book, in its published report, gave the importation of spirituous liquors for that province alone as 1,850,000 gallons for that year.

In Angola you could not get a man to work for you unless you contracted before a European judge to pay him half his wages in *rum. A recent report gives* 30,000,000 gallons as the total annual importation of liquors from Christian countries into Africa.

Shall we call this civilization's contribution to the uplift of the black man? It is a combination hard for the untutored mind to grasp, this Boston rum and religion coming on the same ship. "Oh," says the Chief, "Melican man, eh? Melican lum plenty good. You got Melican lum?" This was asked an American traveler. No missionary had ever been to his far village. The shame of it all is that these emissaries of a spurious civilization and commerce precede the missionary by ten or more years. When the tardy messenger of a better life comes he is greeted by the pitiful cry, "Why did not you come first?" Answer, Church of Christ, by sending more workers quickly.

King Leopold of Africa, frightful though his regime was, refused the importation of spirituous liquors into the interior. He wanted work out of his people and knew that drunken natives would not work. King Albert of Belgium has done even better and helps the missionaries in many ways, besides removing those old days of blood and plunder.

The native Chief Molique appeals to us thus, "Barasa (rum or gin) has ruined our country. It has made our people mad. We beg you to help us to beg your Chiefs to prevent this. For God's sake you must help us in this matter." Another African prince said, "If we had not advanced as high in civilization, neither had we fallen so low, until this fatal liquor was forced upon us by commerce. If the present policy is continued we cannot fight as men should against the wrong. The poison is fast do-

ing its deadly work and in a few years there will be none to resist the oppressor; but our blood will be upon those heads who sent it and will cry to Heaven for vengeance."

To the natives of Africa there are two great forces threatening his old life. Islam, or Arab influence advancing with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other—as it appears to us. Christianity, or European and American influence advancing with paper treaties and a case of gin in one hand, and the Bible in the other—as it appears to the native mind. We cannot quarrel with the comparison. It is shamefully true. The missionaries have gone out few in number and have fought this giant evil valiantly by evangelism, converting the people from the old life and its habits through the power of the gospel; and through industrial reforms have taught the natives how to make molasses instead of rum from their sugar cane. For fifty miles about the mission stations rum is a scarce article, for an appetite and market has been created for sweets in its stead.

In China there has been a great struggle for freedom from the deadly opium habit. Recently there was a great moral victory and opium was driven out. The Hague tribunal forever abolished the importation of opium into China, but the missionaries tell us now that there is a tremendous smuggling business going on from Japan, which the government cannot control. Now America, to whom they have turned as their friend in their day of transition, is flooding her with American liquors and tobaccoes. The great British-American Tobacco firm alone is covering the land with its agents. Their slogan is "A cigarette in the lips of every Chinaman." They have erected great billboards and bright posters announcing the "American Beer—a Cure for the Opium Habit." The Chinese are helpless for the consuls of Great Britain and America are there to advance commerce, and are supporting it. The church may help China in this as in the opium campaign by providing literature for information and propaganda to stem the tide of commercial greed and the degradation of a race not yet debauched by liquor and tobacco. Our great Dr. Macklin has begun under the patronage and help of our American Board of Temperance and Social Welfare the production of our contribution of literature to fight these evils and to evangelize the great multitudes of waiting China. A recent steamer went to China carrying three missionaries and a full brewery equipment. Let us do our part to stop this immoral traffic.

In Japan breweries are springing up and in order to create an appetite for beer, for they have never been a drunken nation, fete days are declared, and brass bands parade the streets carrying banners and invitations to the parks where free beer is given to children and all comers. A recent scene depicted in an American magazine shows how a member of the Japanese Parliament, having received a second carafe of liquor, patted the page on the head and asked for another while there took place a melee of drunken debate and fighting on the floor of the House. What a glory to American booze dealers! What a shame to morality and the forces of Christianity! Our missionaries have helped to organize temperance societies and teach prohibition, but they must be reinforced in their fight by special funds that they may back the forces of temperance so nobly headed by the late Dr. Gandier. The liquor exportations to Asia in 1918 were 1,079,179 gallons.

In Latin America they have their native liquor, *pulque,* a naturally fermented juice of the Century plant, but this is manufactured into liquors of high alcoholic strength and is very intoxicating. Added to these are the highly inflammable liquors from America shipped across the border "In Bond." "*El Mundo Christian*" is a Mexican Christian paper. It carries front-page stuff for the temperance fight. It also has a section devoted to educational propaganda for prohibition. Medal contests are put on and a national secretary has been asked for to fight the evil and to lecture throughout Mexico. The President of Mexico is trying to establish a zone of prohibition for a hundred miles along the international border. He is asking for measures to stop the sale of liquor in the Capital from Saturday night to Monday morning. We should back him in every way possible, by helping our missionaries to do all they can in educating the people. Our Temperance Board is publishing literature to help in this fight for righteousness. More than one-half million gallons of liquor were shipped into Latin America in 1918.

Arthur J. Brown says that in the Philippine Islands,

"The conditions are lamentable. Native liquors were used but never as those brought with the American flag! When the soldiers of the United States came and brought with them liberty and a wonderful social and political Utopia, establishing an ideal western civilization and the American Public School system with a great Government University at the head, there came also that enigma, the American saloon. The Islanders are being debauched at the very time when civilization and uplift seem to be within their grasp. Be it said to our shame that the very soldiers who came to free them were frequently seen drunk at the Government canteen."

The saloon is able, through some of its devious political methods, to still keep open in the Philippines under the Stars and Stripes. This is an open shame to us and only American Christianity can stop it. The Disciples of Christ have practically one-tenth of all the converts to Protestant Christianity there. Then by that ratio we should assume one-tenth of the responsibility in this matter as well.

In India the missionaries declare that frequently the answer is given them by cultured philosophers, "Why should we accept your Christianity? It is from Christian nations that liquor has been brought to debauch our people who never before were drunkards." Through the active work of our missionaries, Jhansi was rid of saloons. But the Parsees, the rich rum merchants of India, have forced their business upon other tribes, like the Gonds near Jubbulpore, and even the Hindus are falling under the degrading onslaught of "Christian" liquor. The Timarna cloth weavers whose income is four annas a day, are so debauched by the liquor traffic that their wives and children are poverty stricken. Our program here must be both evangelistic and educational.

Do you believe in temperance? Then help the missionaries in the far distant lands to fight this giant evil from our own shores that would hinder the progress of the gospel and render our work nearly impossible.

Waiting Half a Century for Encouragement

An Interview with Thomas Kane

By BERT WILSON

NOT long after the Executive Committee of the United Society appointed me to promote stewardship along with my other duties, I made a bee line for Chicago. Can any good thing come out of Chicago? It's worth traveling miles just to get one good workable idea. I went to see, not a man who rides a hobby, or has an idea, but rather a man who is possessed by an idea.

For many years I have heard of Thomas Kane. I have read much if not all of his literature, and have had considerable correspondence with him. At 143 North Wabash Avenue, the elevator man put me off at the seventh floor. Seven is a scriptural number. I walked into Room 700. A young lady clerk was sorting into great piles, the various pieces of stewardship literature published by the "Layman Company," of which Thomas Kane is the "Layman."

It was a modest office, one room, but I was informed there was a large stock room in the rear. The young lady was alert. "Are you the Mr. Wilson who wrote the tract 'Reasons for Tithing'? That goes into all the packages of literature we sent out." The door opened and in walked Thomas Kane. He wears a cane, his "third leg." The young lady introduced us. He put his hand to his ear and said in a rather loud voice, "Who is it?" to the girl. "Oh, Wilson?" "Here"—to the girl—"take my overcoat," and she hung up his overcoat in the corner. He shed his coat which she also hung up. "You see, Wilson, I'm a little bit deaf. It's an advantage to be deaf sometimes." Then he took off his old-fashioned detachable cuffs, which the young lady also parked in the corner, bringing out his office coat which she helped him put on.

He's a young man of eighty-four. His white moustache slopes down and out. He stands tall and straight. He went to his desk in the corner and motioned me to a chair beside him. When we were both seated, he laid aside the stub of his cigar with an apology. "When I was a young man, I did not smoke. But when I got to pushing this tithing business, some of the preachers and others thought I was a crank, so I took to smoking to prove to them I was just a normal human being."

(Note:—How natural it is for boys, old or young, to think up some kind of a weak excuse for using tobacco. The *excuse*, not the smoking, proves that Mr. Kane is "just a normal human being.")

"Do you take the cost of your cigars out of your tithing account?" Hand to his ear: "How? What's that?" I repeated the question. "Ha! Ha! No, but I've known some people who did things almost as bad as that. One man wanted to support his mother-in-law out of his tithe, another wanted to pay his railroad fare to a convention, and another wanted to buy his tickets to a church supper out of his tithe. No, no, I don't rob the Lord to pay my cigar bill." He turned to his desk on which was a large pile of some thirty or forty letters. "Just one morning's orders of stewardship literature," he remarked.

So this was the office of "a Layman." I expected to see a business man who was pushing stewardship as a side line. But I learned that the "side line" occupies practically all of his time and energy. As a young man he was interested in pedagogy, that is, the practical side of it. He manufactured school supplies, desks and blackboards, away back in the 70's. The boys and girls of those days who got their start in the little red school houses of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska, in all probability sat at desks manufactured by Thomas Kane, and did their "sums" on blackboards out of his factories.

Thomas Kane on the Golf Links

"In the early days of my business career I began tithing," said he. "But who taught you to tithe?" "No one, I got the idea out of the Bible and made a vow that I would religiously try it out. I have done so for nearly half a century. Ten per cent and more has been set aside for my silent Partner. It didn't hurt my business. It blessed and increased my business. I can

testify as a plain business man that tithing works and tithing pays."

The business produced for Mr. Kane a fortune. When he retired from active business, he dedicated a part of his fortune and the rest of his life to what he considers his chief business, that of publishing and distributing, in many cases free of charge, stewardship and tithing literature. Hence this modest office was really a shop of stewardship.

"What encouragement did you get in those early days?" Hand to his ear: "Encouragement! Why Mr. Wilson, there was no encouragement. I was the only tither I knew. I asked my preacher if he was a tither. He was not and he could not tell me of any preacher or layman of his acquaintance who was a tither. Encouragement! It was the Golden Age of the church sociable. The oyster was in good standing among all our Presbyterian churches. Preachers were paid low salaries and it was considered very orthodox to have a deficit."

In those early days Thomas Kane, never a doubting Thomas, started to blaze the tithing trail. He wrote some short, plain, understandable tracts on tithing. And he wrote them from a business man's point of view.

"What we Owe, and Why we Owe it."
"How to Tithe and Why."
"What we Owe and How to Pay it."
"Tithing and Prosperity."

He published them and began to distribute them free among ministers and churches, in fact wherever he could get a promise that they would be read and circulated.

He started in during the days that Grant was President. He seems to have learned the lesson of Grant's famous slogan, "I will fight it out along this line if it takes all summer." There was the opposition of the ignorant and the stingy. There was the fear of the ministry (not yet entirely overcome) to proclaim the whole counsel of God on the subject of stewardship. There was lack of missionary outlook on the part of all. But from the day that Thomas Kane put his hand to the stewardship plough, he has never turned back.

For forty-three years he has been sending out stewardship leaflets, some from his own pen, many from the pens of the best writers on the subject from nearly every Protestant communion. While he has perhaps written more than any other living man on the subject, he has never written a book. He has written no long treatises. Nor has he written a "philosophy of giving." His articles have been short, sane, pointed, understandable and usable, full of facts, figures and experiences.

"The average mind is not above the eighth grade," said Mr. Kane, "hence the writer who expects to be understood must write to the eighth grader. That's where most writers make a big mistake. In trying to be deep, they make it too heavy." After glancing over his mail for a few moments, he turned and said:—"Well, Wilson, I've been wanting to see you for some time. I would like to make an arrangement with you to send stewardship literature to all of the ministers in your communion free of charge." Business-like and right to the point, wasn't it? Why should a Presbyterian elder be interested in us? "But, Mr. Kane, how can you afford to give our folks anything free?" "Oh, I'm not particularly anxious to give it to *your* ministers only, for if I can get hold of the money, and I think I know where most of it is coming from, I plan to send samples of literature to every Protestant minister in the United States." "But why literature to the minister?" "Ah, Wilson, you well know why. The minister is the leader of his people. 'Like priest, like people.' The minister needs help to educate his people, and if I can help him by furnishing good stewardship literature, he will order and send literature to all the families in his church."

"But how can the minister afford to send such literature to all the membership?" "Ah," said Mr. Kane, shaking his head until his glasses fell from his nose, "that's where you and I cooperate." "Johnson," to his assistant, "hand me that Southern Presbyterian letter." Johnson produced it at once. It showed an order for 200,000 leaflets. "You see I have the plates and can have these printed much cheaper than the average printer. I furnish the Southern Presbyterians these leaflets at cost, and then I pay half the cost. That's my contribution to their stewardship program."

After adjusting his nose glasses, he looked me over carefully and said: "Now, I want to make a proposition to your stewardship committee. I will pay half the cost, if your committee will pay the other half, and we will send literature to all your ministers and churches on condition that they order only two tracts at a time. In addition, I'll throw in free 10,000 of your tract, "Reasons for Tithing," also 1,000 each of all my other tracts. But you should have about 50,000 each of four different kinds." "What about the manila envelope in which they are sent out. Do you print that?" "Yes, but you can get that printed as cheaply in St. Louis as I can in Chicago. You go ahead and have as many printed as you need, and send me one half of the bill."

(Note No. 2:—If any layman, not a Presbyterian, wants to pay for the other half of this literature, his check will be acceptable.)

So I made a bargain then and there for 50,000 each of four tracts. "Thanksgiving Ann" by a Layman, an interesting story of a Christian colored woman, who taught her master how not to give.

"How to Tithe and Why" by a Layman, one of his best.

"Is the Tithe a Debt" by Dan Brummitt, one of the spiciest writers on the subject.

"Proportionate Giving" by Robert E. Speer, one of the finest statements in print.

"Now, Wilson, don't forget this point," after Johnson had phoned the printer, and had assurance that the first order would be off in ten days, "the stewardship idea grows and becomes effective, very largely in proportion to the amount of literature distributed and read. There should be sermons and lectures of course, but the people

must read. Even when a man becomes a tither, he should have literature to reinforce his faith."

"Tell me what the outlook is, as you see it, for a revival of stewardship." Here Thomas Kane, layman, became almost a prophet, as if about to see the realization of his dream of fifty years ago.

"These last years of my life are the greatest. Once there was opposition, now nearly all the churches emphasize stewardship and tithing more or less. Look at the Methodist campaign for a million tithers! They haven't reached their goal, but if they keep on they surely will. The Southern Baptists have emphasized tithing for several years, and now the Southern Presbyterians, the United Presbyterians, the Reformed Church, the Presbyterians and others are all preaching and practicing stewardship as never before."

Then Thomas Kane, tither, layman, became doctor and gave me a few lessons on how to keep hale and hearty at eighty. When he was almost down and out physically, he learned the value of deep breathing, regularly, systematically, and of religiously keeping at it. He also learned the necessity of keeping young as he grew old and he learned golf and swimming. Result: A weak body restored to normal strength which enables him to attend his office every day at the age of eighty-four, as spry as many younger "boys" of sixty or seventy.

The faith, zeal, experience and optimism of Thomas Kane ought to be a challenge to all ministers and members of Christian churches throughout the land. Our churches may become real centers of spiritual power if they will really enter into partnership with God and learn to "play fair" with Him.

We have had a great slogan for a hundred years:—"Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." We have lived up to that slogan in *doctrine*. We have not lived up to it in *stewardship*. The Scriptures have spoken on stewardship, but we have kept silent. An immersed believer may still remain an unfaithful steward in many of our best churches. A minister may be called who is true to the "Plea" in doctrine but who is an unfaithful teacher on the subject of New Testament stewardship.

It must have been a sad day for Jesus when He sat over against the treasury. Not that He needed the money. He needed the men. Where a man's treasure is there will his heart be. He sought the gift for the sake of the giver.

A revival of stewardship will do three things

1. It will redeem the church from its sordid selfishness and spiritualize it for its unfinished task.

2. It will furnish both men and money to carry the gospel message to the uttermost parts of the world.

3. It will please our Master who gave His own life for the salvation and redemption of the race.

America's Most Outstanding Tithing Advocate to Ministers of Disciples of Christ—A Challenge

THOMAS KANE

I GLADLY comply with the request of your Mr. Bert Wilson to write this letter. I address it to you as ministers because the key to the situation is in your hands.

First, I congratulate you on the action of your recent convention at St. Louis, in making provision for the promotion of tithing and stewardship in your communion.

I hope to make the same arrangement with him and with his committee of advisors that I now have with the Methodist, Baptist, Southern Presbyterian and several other communions by which I furnish all the tithing literature published by the Layman Company at one-half the cost of printing, on condition that they furnish it to their ministers free, postage paid, in such quantities as can be wisely used. In addition we furnish to every new tither a Tithing Account Book and copy of the 32 page pamphlet "Adventures in Tithing."

It will interest you to know that five of the more than twenty tithing publications issued by the Layman Company are by members of your communion. I can assure you from absolute first hand knowledge that a very large proportion of your people are not only ready but eager for instruction in tithing. This is especially true of the young people. The soil is ready and all you have to do is to sow tithing seed and almost immediately commence to reap the harvest of tithing stewards. Accompanying the harvest will be such increased spiritual and temporal prosperity in the church and with the tithers themselves, as you have not hitherto witnessed.

Now a word of advice—advice based on more than forty years experience. Forget for the time being all thoughts of the money side of tithing and think and plan on the educational side. Never for a moment lose sight of the fact that education in tithing does not differ from all other education. Successful education is never spasmodic, but always constant and persistent. *Teach first things first*—that is God's method in everything Teach tithing, and for the present let stewardship alone. You do not teach cube root to children who are learning the multiplication table. The multiplication table occupies about the same relation to mathematics that tithing does to stewardship. *Tithing is stewardship begun,* it is the foundation. Do not let up in any way in the education of your people in tithing; do not stop with the circulation of one or two or even a half dozen or

dozen tithing pamphlets; they continue working while you are sleeping or doing something else.

Mr. Wilson asks me to say what other churches are doing in the promotion of tithing, and make my statements a challenge to you. I will mention only one, the United Presbyterian, although they are not a fair sample. They have been teaching tithing for twenty-five years, yet it has only been two years since they have been teaching it intensively. They have less than 160,000 members. Last year, 1919, they gave to Benevolences over $21 per capita. At the same time they subscribed more than eleven millions of the fifteen millions, which is their goal for missions within five years. They will reach their goal beyond doubt; also their goal of 50,000 tithers before the close of the year 1920.

But I want to see your people equal this per capita offering within five years, and you ministers can do it if you will, by sowing your fields deep and constantly with tithing literature and a reasonable amount of sermons and teaching.

Finally, do not try to *equal* anybody. Start out to win the race, *leading* everybody. In the language of somebody else,

"Plan more work than you can do
Then go to work and do it.
Bite off more than you can chew
Then go ahead and chew it.
Hitch your wagon to a star
Keep your seat and there you are."

And Yet He Smiles

I HAVE a new acquaintance. We are not likely to be close friends. Nevertheless, I want to know and understand him, for he smiles me a welcome every time I go to call on my friend. He is her gateman. It is he who is to admit or refuse me entrance.

I have never gone to my friend's house without receiving that same kindly greeting. It has even grown more cordial as he has come to recognize my face. I often hurry around the corner to find him squatted on the doorstep, busy with his chopsticks and rice. Quick as a flash he is up and with an almost jovial expression has the door open for me. I look into his face and see frank simplicity and kindliness. Yet I never forget that this summer he threw away his newborn twins! Those twins were sons, too!

"Oh, East is East and West is West,"

When I hear of things like that I run on to the end of the line and stop there:

"and never the twain shall meet,"

That Chinese gateman's smile shows no compunctions of conscience, though a few months ago he took his two lovely babies to the city wall and left them there exposed to the sun. They were discovered and taken to the hospital while there was still life in their little bodies, but this semitropical sun is *li-hai-ti-hen,* as the Chinese describe its destructiveness. They had been too long exposed to its rays and soon died.

This gateman's heart lacks something of the love quality or he could never have thus parted with those perfectly developed little baby boys. His mind, too, was lacking in economic foresight, for he might have left the little ones in their mother's care a few weeks and sold them for enough silver dollars to give him the exhilaration of a newly made millionaire. Yet he still smiles!

This man is not my only new acquaintance. Every day I meet a countryman of his from whom such a deed is as far removed as it would be from me. He has had advantages like mine. He has not had to spend all his energy to buy enough rice to keep himself alive from morning till night. His life is rich and full. His ideals are high. He, too, is working to bring about a change that will make it impossible for a man to will such destruction. When I see him I go on jubilantly to the end of Kipling's poem and exult in his democratic lines:

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
"When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

How manifoldly true is that when both men are shot through with Christian brotherliness and a truly God-like ideal of ministry!

An Open Road

By FRED S. NICHOLS

I HAVE been reading about two comrades of the battlefields of peace. They are comrades whose experiences in "journeyings often" bid me leave the husks of the faraway land and return to the home of the Christian soul. As these two journey together they are seemingly unconscious of their differing dialectic peculiarities. Neither do they appear disturbed over their contrasting racial loyalties. Their mutually strange theological expressions do not agitate them in the least. Antipodal social heritages do not blind with a hopeless prejudice. And their personal habits and characteristics are only incidental matters, wholly of a refreshing interest. While each may have "broken every canon" of the equestrian art, it could not be stated with a scientific accuracy that both were "illpitten thegither" and "gaunt" or that both could do with an equal grace the "hielan fling." In each case there were strong marks of individuality, though some of these marks may have suggested the moor and the highlands rather than the drawing-room. But who could be distressingly concerned with the racial and personal contrasts of these comrades as he beholds them on the journey-way, the one riding the faithful horse "Jess," and the other astride the no less faithful mule, whose name, by the way, we are entitled to know, since, contrary to our usual inclination, we feel drawn toward this particular mule.

Yes, the rugged Scotchman and our representative American have been comrades, and this in spite of the differences we have been accustomed to look upon as impassible gulfs. But this comradeship was because of a kindred ministry of mercy, motived by the divinest of impulses. And thus through these bonds of comradeship they entered that inner circle of Luke, and Livingstone, and Trudeau, and Grenfell, with the Great Physician in the midst.

Very recently you have read much concerning the younger of these comrades; of him, little need be said at this time. The last few days my meditation has been much upon the older comrade. I had remembered him in a vague though enchanting way from my high school days. Today he is nearer my heart than was possible twenty years ago. The younger comrade I had known to love for long; had entertained him in the home overnight, a homesick man in the awful loneliness of a large city, lending him, with some misgivings, a pair of my pajamas, whose elastic qualities were requisitioned of course. And now having learned that this our beloved friend companioned on long journeys with the casual acquaintance of the years ago, I became anxious to read more deeply into the character of the older, and thus experience something of the highlands of the soul whither the two so often journeyed.

The House at the Head of the Glen

The house of the Scotch comrade, though but a humble cottage, "dominated" the entire wild glen. And this domination is surely a story of soul-reassurance. It was not the dominance of the military fiat, for his weapons were those of a healing peace. It was not by the spectacular work of a specialist, for he was of the "auld schule," oculist, aurist, dentist and chloroformist. Efficiency was not the magic key, for he was poor and "didna keep buiks." Diplomacy was not the anæsthetizing power, for "he never flinched duty and said smooth things," but rather expressed himself "frankly and vigorously, both from a social and theological standpoint." Flattery did not hand him the scepter, for "He's no verra ceevil gin ye bring him when there's naethin' wrang"; and he could become "roosed" when called to a bairn for "naethin' but a sair stomach."

Why then such unaccountable power, so mystical to the practical mind? Look to his scars for some revelation.

"That ugly scar, that cut into his right eyebrow and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snow storm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in the Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. Maclure escaped with a broken leg, and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you warstle through the peat bogs and snow drifts for forty years without a touch of rheumatism. But they were honorable scars, and for such risks of life men get the Victoria Cross in other fields."

And the soliloquy of his last delirium, when he and Jess make that "stiff journey" through the heavy drifts in that awful night of blizzard, way over to Glen Urtach where "a puir wumman micht dee if we didna warstle through," is but the confused voice of one who had long served. And they returned "baith tired tae deith" as they behold "yon licht in the kitchen window," but only after they have left the lights of hope burning in the cottage back beyond the drifts.

But he did not receive the Victoria Cross. He did not pile up gold, for as Jamie said, "The doctor has never been burdened wi' fees." That was an enlightening joke of Jamie's when he said to the doctor one day, "Ye've been scourging us wi' fees, and livin' yersel' on the fat o' the land." Why, he even took satisfaction in the fact that since he "didna keep buiks" that "naebody 'ill be harried for money aifter ma deith." Surely the prayer of a modern prophet was answered in this comrade:—

"May they never through the pressure of need or ambition surrender the sense of a divine mission and become hirelings who serve only for money. Make them doubly faithful in the service of the poor who need their help most sorely, and may the children of the workingman be as precious to them as the child of the rich."

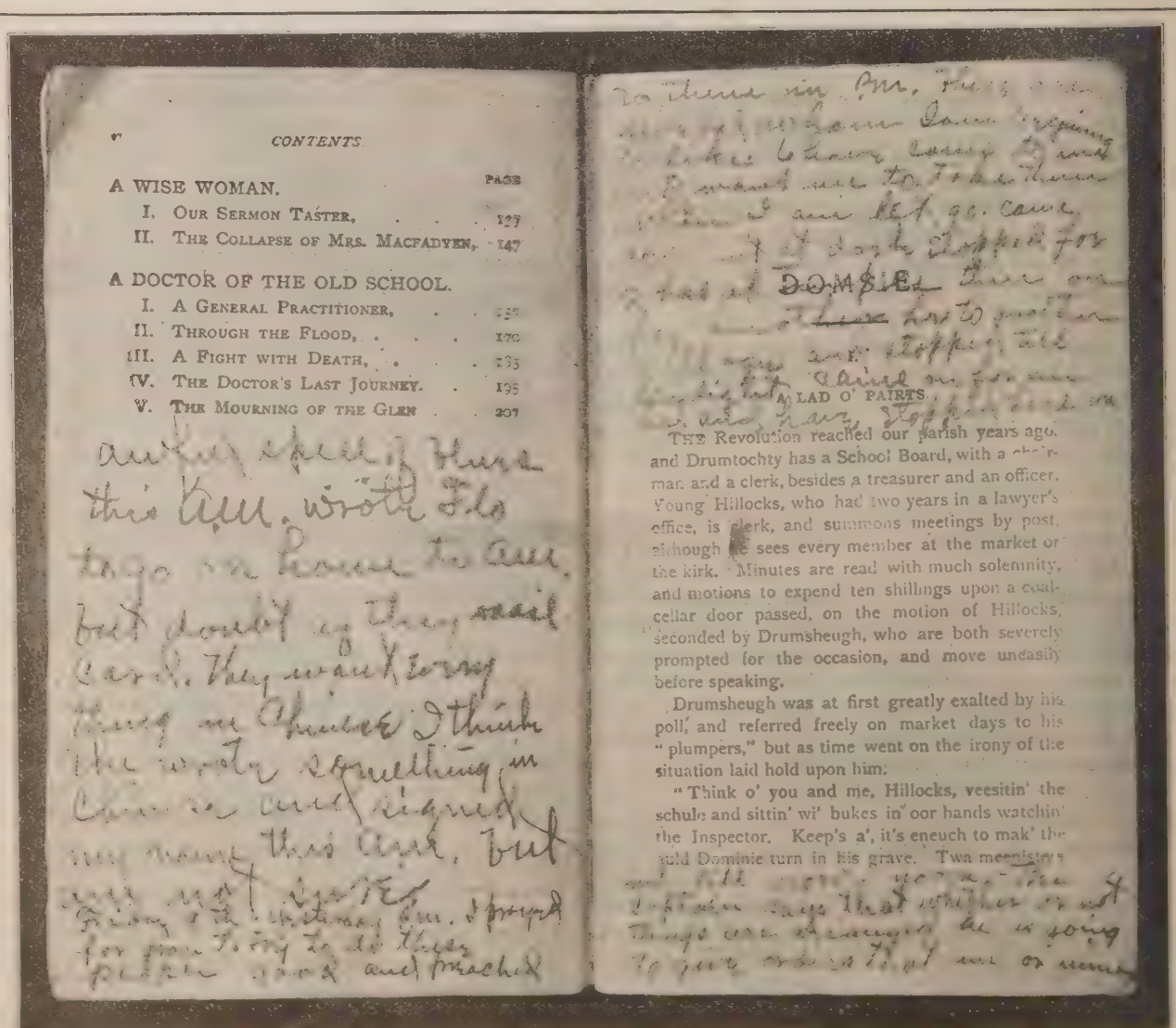
In his younger days he had refused valuable posts in order to work in the lonely Glen.

"And why did he do it?" a worldling asks. Because he had found that pearl of greatest price, which a heartless militarism, a calculating efficiency and a materializing ambition have never discovered—Love. This comrade did not "reside in a community" for a big lucrative practice

—it was love living among friends. He was not a practitioner who "treated cases," but a brother of the heart who helped the disturbed minds and suffering bodies of human beings. How good for the soul is his confession: "'Ave naether wife nor bairns of ma own, an' a' coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family." Like a true shepherd whose affection calleth the sheep by name, he knew that "Tamas hes a graund hert, and there's waur fouk in the Glen than Saunders." The lonely apostolic love of "Only Luke is with me" is his as he utters, "Ye'ill stay the nicht Paitrick, for auld lang syne." This love "wes wy the bairns were so ta'en wi' him." It was love that made him shake in the saddle as Tamas poured out his grief to him. It was love that made him so willing to "lay doon the auld worn oot ruckle o' a body" for them. His love for them would not permit him to leave the Glen—having loved his own, he loved them unto the end. "'All no be mony months wi' ye thegither noo, an' 'am wanting to spend a' the time 'a hev in the Glen." It was a love like that on the banks of the Jordan so long ago when decreasing power found its satisfaction in the coming of a greater life-giving force. "A've kent fine that ma day wes ower, an' that ye sud hae a younger man." His reward? As he confided in Jess one day after passing the cheers of some grateful neighbors, so it was always, "Yon wes oor reward." And how appropriate that the text at the end of his labor should be, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

His confession, "'A cud hae managed wi' a stretch tae get tae kirk mair, and a' used langidge a' sudna, an' a' micht hae been gentler, and no been so short in the temper," loses its defeated note in the triumphant revelations of Drumsheugh's prayer for his friend,

"Dinna be hard on Weelum Maclure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty—Be kind tae him as he's been tae us for



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A LAD O' PAIRTS.

The Revolution reached our parish years ago, and Drumtochty has a School Board, with a chairman and a clerk, besides a treasurer and an officer. Young Hillocks, who had two years in a lawyer's office, is clerk, and summons meetings by post, although he sees every member at the market or the kirk. Minutes are read with much solemnity, and motions to expend ten shillings upon a coal-cellar door passed, on the motion of Hillocks, seconded by Drumsheugh, who are both severely prompted for the occasion, and move uneasily before speaking.

Drumsheugh was at first greatly exalted by his poll, and referred freely on market days to his "plumpers," but as time went on the irony of the situation laid hold upon him.

"Think o' you and me, Hillocks, veesitin' the schule and sittin' wi' bukes in oor hands watchin' the Inspector. Keep's a', it's eneuch to mak' the auld Dominie turn in his grave. Twa meenisters

Two Pages from the Younger Comrade's Diary

When Dr. A. L. Shelton, Missionary to Tibet, was captured by Chinese bandits January 3, 1920, he had in his pocket a copy of Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. On the blank space of this he wrote what happened from day to day until he became too ill to hold a pencil. After the last chapter in the book, and apart from the diary, he wrote, "My Ideal after Jesus and Livingstone."

forty year.—Forgive him what dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him.—Mind the fouk he's halpit—the weemen an' the bairnise —an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't aifter a' his wark.—Amen."

I think that on that day of wonderful loneliness when his life-long friend prayed for him and read to him frae his "mither's Bible," that the love of heaven listened. And it is my faith that when the old doctor quietly said his "mither's" prayer, the one he had prayed every day during his long hard life,

"This night I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,"

and then lost himself in the calming assurance of the Shepherd's Psalm, the reward of whose learning in his childhood days was his "mither's" kiss, only to go out on his long journey, that the voice of the Good Shepherd called to him across the Glen—"Come ye blessed of my Father—I was sick, and ye visited me."

The Confidence and Love of the Glen

And what confidence the Glen had in him! "The verra look o' him wes victory." And it "gaed the blood run faster tae look at him." They well knew "he wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himself," and that "if human pooer can save yir bairn's life, 'ill be dune." It was a Calvinistic charity that confessed, "If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an' if we're tae live, we're tae live; but I must say this for the doctor, that whether yir tae live or dee, he can keep up a sharp meisture on the skin." They had the confidence that he understood them every one. Why, "his father was here afore him: 'atween them they'e hed the countryside for weel tae a century; if Maclure disna understand oor constitution, wha dis, a' wud like tae ask." It is not an easy matter to suggest "let not your heart be troubled" to these anxious souls who feel, "And what 'ill become o's when ye're no here tae gie a hand in time o' need? We'ill tak ill wi' a stranger that disna ken ane frae anither."

It was the confidence of love. "I have seen a Drumtochty face soften at the sight of Maclure limping to his horse." And it is but natural that "he githered mair luve than ony man in the Glen." In harvest field and around the firesides, with a silent eloquence they bid him Godspeed on his journeys. The minister who "walkit up an' doon the room a' the time, and every meenit blew his nose like a trumpet as I told him hoo the doctor focht aucht oors for Saunders's life and won," but reflected the real heart of Drumtochty. And the minister's unusual prayer for the "beloved physician of this parish and adjacent districts" called forth a hearty "amen" with the conviction that it "wes handsome." And when the minister in his "goons and bans" broke the Calvinistic Sabbath by shouting "God bless you, doctor, and well done" to this servant as he galloped by the kirk on an errand of mercy, "they coudna but respeck him for it." "Weelum" always knew their hidden love, for "they took me as I wes."

Doctor Maclure was buried during the great snow storm, "which is still spoken of, and will remain the standard of snowfall in Drumtochty for a century." But "in spite of the sna' and drifts they came frae far and near." "Tae think of them fechtin their wy doon frae Glen Urtach and toilin' roond frae the heich Glen, an' his lordship's drivin' through the drifts a' the road frae Muirtown, juist to honor Weelum Maclure's beerial." "It's nae ceremony the day, ye may lippen tae it; it's the hert brocht the fouk, an' ye can see it in their faces; ilka man hes his ain reason, an' he's thinkin' on't though he's speakin' o' naethi' but the storm; he's mindin' the day Weelum pued him oot frae the jaws o' death, or the nicht he savit the gude wife in her oor o' tribble. A' can read it a' in their een."

As that body so scarred with the marks of the Lord Jesus was carried by devotion's "four stalwart volunteers" over the pathway that the labor of a common grief had made, the warmth of love came across the blowing snows from everywhere. Wummen and bairnies at the door of every home on the hillside told the story of one who had lived and died for them. The old mare calling from the stable door touched the hearts of those who walked to the grave that day because she was crying for her Master and their Doctor. It was the unity of sorrow, for "everyone had some good reason in forty years to remember Maclure"—laid to rest by the Glen he loved; laid to rest by his eternal lovers.

My Reverie

When the turf had been spread and the last word said, my heart thought of the Glen with its weary and heavy laden, who for forty years had heard across the snows and floods the voice that called them to rest. And as my feeble faith triumphed enough to question whether this be the son of God indeed, the voice of the Father of Good Hearts came with a healing reassurance, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." Then my eyes fell upon two men of the neighborhood. There was Milton, whose complaining that day revealed vast areas where Jesus never walks. "No doubt Dr. Maclure hed mony natural virtues an' he did his wark weel, but it wes a peety he didna make mair profession o' releegion." But there was the rough Saunders of the "gude hert" who, early that day after a path had been made to the grave by lantern light said, "Mony a time he's hed tae gang roond; he micht as well hae an open road for his last traivel." As I looked upon these two neighbors, I knew which way my heart should take.

My face turned homeward, only to remember the weary and heavy laden of the faraway glens and plains beyond the sea, whose only hope of rest is in the healing ministry of the younger comrade of journeyings often. I think of how he loves them with an understanding love, and they ken it; for he is of those who have "hazarded his life for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." * * * And then with my heart in His keeping, I vow that no embittered theology or selfish isolation of mine shall increase the burdens because he has been compelled to "gang roond," but that a Christian heart shall always "gie him an open road for a' his traivels."

Old Letters of Rare Value

By MARY J. JUDSON

PACKET NO. III

THE first missionaries to India, under the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, who included physical healing in their message were Dr. Olivia A. Baldwin and Dr. Arabella Merrill, who went out in 1888. They seem to have been too "busy making history"—like some others in the early time—to write much about it, or at least the correspondence seems not to be in hand. The only wonder is that so much was retained and so well preserved without the aid of the filing devices in present use. As the years come and go Dr. Baldwin will be remembered for her authorship of "Sita," written after her return to the homeland because of impaired health.

A much appreciated addition to our working force in India was Mrs. Bertha F. Lohr, who came into our work on the field. She wrote enthusiastically about the satisfactory attainments of some of her pupils, but we prefer to give place to an estimate of *their teacher,* written from Bilaspur by Miss Kingsbury under date of December 3, 1903. She wrote as follows:

The schools are now all well housed and in fine working order and prospering in every way. Mrs. Lohr has spared neither strength nor pains to make them what they are. The Director General of Public Instruction and all the school officials have the highest consideration for her work, and have expressed their gratitude and appreciation in various ways.

Miss Kingsbury seems to have the happy faculty of saying beautiful things about those who toiled by her side, and we cannot refrain from giving place here to her message in regard to Miss Ada Boyd:

There is no one of us so well known by the natives as Miss Boyd. Neither is there any one of us who knows the people as well as she does. She walks everywhere and comes in contact with people of every class and condition. She was a great blessing to the people during the famine, and she was so well acquainted with their condition and characteristics that few could impose upon her. The Government officials trusted to her judgment and availed themselves of her help as much as possible. They used to ask her to be present at all gratuitous distributions so as to have the benefit of her experience. She visited the Government Poorhouse regularly and did a great deal of good there.

Miss Mattie Burgess of St. Joseph, Missouri, went to India in 1893. After a term of efficient service she came home for her furlough, and it is interesting to note how eager she was to see growth of missionary interest in Missouri. She wrote August 28, 1900, as follows:

I shall not be able to do the field work in Illinois. The work in that state is in very much better condition than is the work in Missouri. I feel that my state has the first claim upon my time, and during the coming year I think that I shall be able to do a good deal. In this time I should like to see the work in Missouri doubled, in number of auxiliaries, membership and receipts—rather a high aim for such a conservative old state, but we must look to the ideal while we work to attain to it.

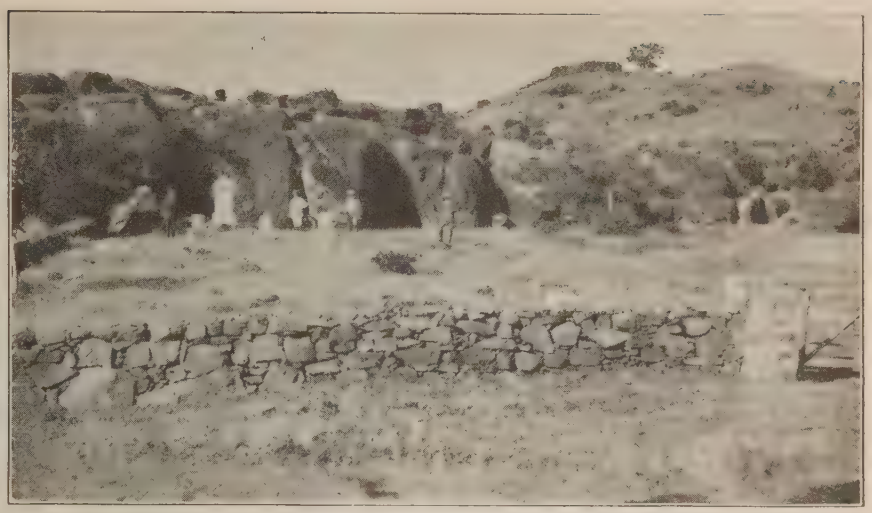
In December, 1893, there was added to our forces in

Unrapid Transit in India

Miss Mary Kingsbury in the cart at the right, her helper in that at the left. As you will observe the cattle have short horns but they are not Shorthorns.

India a unique character in the person of Miss Jane Wakefield Adam, of whom it was said, "She is a woman of rare ability and spiritual gifts, whom to see and know is to reverence." Her manner of expressing herself was lofty and yet humble and as chaste as a beautiful flower. She wrote as follows:

Our God is indeed a God of great deliverances. When pressed down at times by a weight of great and increasing responsibility, how must the ever new and varied manifestation of His overflowing sympathy, the realization of His sustaining power, have cheered, comforted and filled your hearts with rejoicing! More and more may you go from "strength unto strength" unwearied. Ever your sister in His changeless love.



Grave of Dr. Martha Smith, Mahoba, India

Marked by large white stone at the left.

When Miss Graybiel returned to India in 1894, after her furlough, she was accompanied by Miss Adelaide Gail Frost. She was a very lovable and gifted girl, and with her pen she gave much of attractive interest to the work in India. Her books, "By Waysides in India" and "A Few Sonnets from India" have made her known to many, while possibly a larger number are still singing her "Sunset Song." A manuscript is in hand in which she tells of the hospital work at Bilaspur:

As I look about I think of those who were here in by-gone days, of the plannings and anticipations of Drs. Baldwin and Merrill, of the Drs. Miller with their skill, of Dr. McNeil and her devotion to the work in this place, and I see the earnest, systematic, true devotion of the present physician, Dr. Martha Smith. I can not see Miss Pope in this place for she is in Pendra Road just now, but she is remembered and missed. Isadas conducted a very good service for the patients in the Dispensary, speaking to them of the Great Physician of Whom we had been singing.

After describing at some length the work in the Dispensary, she says:

Your Doctor sits here day after day and God and your prayers help her and such as she to keep their lofty thoughts and yet work on with no look of disgust on their clean, pure, strong faces.

Dr. Rosa Lee Oxer wrote from Mahoba to Mrs. Helen E. Moses, president of the national organization, July 26, 1900, as follows:

One day this week Mrs. Egan and I bought more than six hundred yards of cloth. It seems a great amount, but it will not go around for our one hundred and twenty orphanage girls. The whole amount cost about twenty-five dollars or a little less perhaps. The girls are having their vacation just now, and the extra time is put in in sewing and weaving.

This is not a history, it has no such ambition, but we find with deep regret that some who rendered fine service must be omitted from these notes because of lack of material, while with others there is so much that is fine. Miss Bessie Farrar went to India in 1895. She afterward married Neil Madsen, and they have done a fine work at Pendra Road. Hers was the pen of a ready writer. She wrote the secretary, Miss Lois A. White, December 18, 1895, as follows:

How thankful I am that I am in India. To be here and see the abject misery of the land and to know that soon I shall be able to brighten some of these sad lives just fills my heart with gratitude. This is a sweet home here in Mahoba, and as I can get a splendid pundit here, I am thinking of staying until time to go to the hills. I find the infant orphanage so interesting. It keeps dear Miss Frost very busy. Head and hands and heart are full of it.

Mr. Madsen wrote from Pendra Road about their first home after their marriage as follows:

Our first dwelling place was a grass hut which, because it was situated under a cluster of beautiful trees, we call "Our Nest." Here we also had our first Sunday schools and held our first services. We still look back with joy and gratitude to those beginning days. It is good to have grown up with the work from the very beginning. A few miles from here is the source of the Nerbudda river to which place a great number of pilgrims come every year. A few days ago we disposed of 300 Gospels to pilgrims.

The Nanking Language School

By LOIS ANNA ELY

THE new missionary on coming to China is plunged deep into an unfamiliar study—an art, in fact, though he may not realize it. It is what has been characterized as the "delicate" art of adjusting one's self to a new civilization. Of course he has read many books in the homeland which have prepared him in some degree for the strange ways about him. He may, too, have had the good fortune to know some of the people of the country that is hospitably receiving him. But at best, with all the help he may have had from reading and friendship, he is lost here and is as dependent as a babe.

Here it is that the Language School opens its arms and nurtures him through the first months of most helpless infancy. It is in the Language School that he learns to

speak his first words and in a surprisingly short time to make known his simple wants. He has an introduction to manners as well as speech and learns from observation that there are as courteous ways of greeting as by the removal of the hat or by the cordial handshake of the West. His sense of helplessness makes him eager to learn and he absorbs rapidly whatever is meted out to him. The amount he is given is guarded carefully lest he be fed too much for proper assimilation.

O-ni-t'a! A year ago Mr. Gia introduced the Language Class of 1919-20 to those elementary syllables. *O* and *ni* came with a long, level gesture of his graceful hand to which we responded with a well drawn out, monotonous singsong. With *t'a* the tune changed. Mr. Gia's fingers and our voices dropped abruptly several degrees and we had been introduced to Chinese pronouns and to two of the Chinese "tones." The other three came shortly and word after word that we were so hungry for was added to our vocabulary. From the first English was tabu in the classroom. Mr. Gia, with gymnastics, dramatics and every known aid to pedagogy, somehow got the meaning across and we, with parrot-like imitation, recited whole sentences after him, suddenly to realize that the meaning of the strange sounds had cleared up and that frequent repetition had made the words and their practical use ours for all time.

Mr. Gia, the head Chinese teacher, gives the first year students their new words. Mr. Keen, the foreign Dean, is usually present to stop overloading, to give phonetic help and to relieve with his inexhaustible humor when the tension becomes too great. For the first year we put in almost a workingman's day on the language. The mornings began with a simple devotional hour led by one of the students. From that we went to our day's work—first, new words; then, classroom review, review with private teachers, conversation, character-writing, luncheon and a repetition of the whole review process. Tired? To be sure we were. Yet there was enough variety in the days' tasks to keep our interest fully awake and enough of play interspersed to keep our bodies from growing sluggish.

Individuality and that indefinable thing called personality warded off monotony. Chinese are not all alike! We never had more than two hours a day with one teacher and those were not in succession. Besides, every week by a process of rotation we passed on to new private teachers. By June we had studied with them all. Some of them were excellent teachers, others were only fair, but all had much help to give to us if we were only open-minded enough to receive it.

Mr. Keen, the Dean, makes an incalculable contribution to the school through the scientific training of the teachers for their task. He is alert to discover any new method which may facilitate the study of the language. The direct method is used. The student is first made familiar with the sounds. He hears them and in turn produces them. Only after he can hear a sound understandingly and speak it correctly is he given the written character. The Chinese teach with a patience which is baffling to a Westerner. That, together with their facility in "making talk" and in giving illustrations, impresses every student. From morning until later afternoon they keep within the limited vocabulary of the students with a skillful avoidance of monotony which compels admiration.

The speaking of the language is indispensable if the student is to make progress in the art of adjusting himself to the new civilization before him. That is his first step in the mastery of the art. Not all students of the Language School will become linguists, but all should speak better Chinese and be saved gross blunders in pronunciation and usage because of a year's constant training in sound, tone, meaning and character.

But there is another contribution toward this art of adjustment which the Language School affords. The constant contact with the large group of Chinese teachers indelibly stamps on every student's mind some of the ways of politeness and courtesy without which he would be pronounced a boor by the people he most wishes to influence.

Not the least significant problem in adjustment which the newcomer faces is that of relationship to his foreign colleagues. They are a part of the new civilization in which he finds himself. His Language School friends represent widely different gifts; their training has been greatly diversified; many of their views are poles apart from his. Yet they have all come out as ambassadors for the one Ruler of all. As they grow in friendliness they grow in sympathy and mutual understanding. At the end of the year's study together they feel better fitted to work side by side because they have constantly lifted their voices in the prayer, "Unite our hearts to do Thy will."

Language School for New Missionaries, Nanking, China

Faculty of the Nanking Language School; Men who have Mastered both the Language and the Art of Teaching It

The Disciples of Christ may be justly proud of the part they have had in the establishment and maintenance of the Nanking Language School. Peking has a similar institution which meets the needs of the foreigner in North China. They are both fulfilling their purpose in such a way as to make the acquisition of Chinese a pleasure instead of the weighty burden it so often is when one struggles along with an untrained teacher, unused to the ways of the foreigner and insensible to his linguistic problems.

My Experiences as Stewardship and Tithing Evangelist Among the Churches

IN my ten months' work as Stewardship Secretary of California, I have held 39 rallies in churches all the way from Eureka to San Diego, and there have been no unpleasant experiences. In every case I have been enthusiastically received by both ministers and people. The meetings have been well attended and the people have listened attentively and have responded beyond our fondest hopes.

In this work it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that the old idea of putting the soft pedal on the money question was a mistake. I have emphasized the money side and have hit straight out from the shoulder. It does not offend the people but they like it. A "Stewardship Rally" means a campaign of education along lines that have been neglected. The fathers of the Restoration movement never presented anything definite along this line. It has been a haphazard, hit-or-miss proposition, and our lack of system has cheapened the church in the eyes of the world.

I have also emphasized the spiritual side; have made it plain that tithing is not to get money and that it must not be prostituted to that low level. This real partnership with God brings us into a sacred nearness to Him. It gets the service of men's lives and results in spiritual growth and spiritual growth means the financing of the Kingdom.

Our rallies begin on Wednesday night and close usually with the Sunday morning service. At this service the subject is "The Testing Time." At the beginning slips of paper and pencils are passed through the audience.

At the close of the sermon, a season of prayer is held and while the prayers are being offered, those who will become real partners with God are asked to sign their names; then the slips are taken up. I do not use pledge cards of any kind. Many people do not like the idea of pledges and we only ask for the names as an evidence that they will try the tithing system and see if it works—just see if God does keep His promise.

As a result of the ten months work 2,900 names have been secured. Perhaps twenty per cent of this number are those who were already tithers and children over twelve years of age. Of course it has been said that the children do not have incomes. It is not the incomes we are after, but the spiritual development of the children. They will have incomes ten years hence, and who can measure the power that will go out from the lives of these hundreds of young people who will be drawing salaries and controlling the business enterprises of this great western empire?

Just this illustration—a little girl's mother a few weeks ago gave her ten cents for the Sunday school. The little girl returned home with nine pennies. The mother was very much humiliated and said, "Why did you not give the ten cents to the Sunday school as I intended that you should?" The child replied, "When Brother Bradford was here, he taught us that one penny out of ten belongs to the Lord and I paid Him the tenth." Some one has said that the Lord lost nine cents on account of the child's being a tither, but let's forget the nine cents and think of the future. The mother has an income of $150 per month. She had in mind the "giving" to the Lord ten cents. The child had in mind paying the Lord what she owed Him and when she has the same income her mother has, in-

stead of making God a gift of ten cents, she will pay Him fifteen dollars per month and the system will link up her life with God and anchor her to the church.

In this work, the weakest as well as the strongest churches have been visited. In our "baby church" in Northern California, at Mantaca, where Hugh Brunk is minister, out of a membership of 50 we secured 45 tithers. Of this number 31 were members of the church; 14 from the Bible school. Only three members who attended the rally did not signify their intention of becoming tithers. W. T. Adams, minister of the church at Dinuba, says, "The members of the Official Board who did not become tithers have doubled their pledges over last year and the rest are increasing their pledges and are pledging more for missions than ever before."

At San Jose the largest number of tithers were enlisted for Northern California, the number being 170. J. J. Evans, the minister, in a letter several weeks after the rally says, "We are already several hundred dollars over our budget and think we will reach $10,000 in another month or two." The second largest number secured in Northern California was in the First Church at Fresno, where the number was 150. H. O. Breeden, the minister, says, "We have gone $3,000 over any previous budget." The other churches in the north where large numbers were enrolled are First Church in Oakland, 140; Sacramento, 112; Selma, 100; Portersville, 92; North Fresno, 95; Chico, 100; and Modesto, 115. However the smaller churches enrolled a larger number in proportion to the membership.

In Southern California the largest number was secured at Central Church, San Diego, where W. E. Crabtree ministers. There we secured 170, tying San Jose in the north. In our other work in the south the following rallies were held with the numbers secured: First Church in Los Angeles, E. F. Daugherty minister, 138; Hollywood, W. F. Richardson minister, 105; Boyle Heights, Fred Carter minister, 80. Only one month was spent in Southern California and three or four other churches were visited on week nights. The whole number secured in the South was 573.

Another experience worth recording was at the West Side Church in San Francisco with D. A. Russell minister. In our rally held in December, we secured 60 tithers. A return date was made at the West side the latter part of July and 20 new tithers were secured. That settles the question of the wisdom of holding the second rally.

Another thing to keep in the lime light is that these 2,900 tithers were made at a cost of about 80 cents each. Also bear in mind that this is a work of soul saving; for if a man is saved from covetousness, his soul is saved.

A wonderful experience out here on the rim of the continent—

"Where the lips of the waves kiss the feet of the land,
And the birds carol on through the seasons of bliss."

G. F. Bradford, Stewardship Secretary of California.

1921 Pre-Easter Evangelism

By JESSE M. BADER, Secretary

THE great International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, held in St. Louis, voted unanimously to adopt a recommendation which called for a challenging evangelistic program to add one million members in the next five years. This five year program of evangelism includes all our fields, both at home and abroad wherever we are at work. For the first time in all the history of our more than one hundred years we are attempting to work together upon a great program of evangelism with a great goal. An evangelistic people should have a program of evangelism. An evangelistic people should evangelize together, unitedly and with a consuming passion for the souls of men and women out of Christ. Necessity is upon us as never before for two-thirds of this generation, our generation, are not in any church, Catholic or Protestant. One half of our great America are not in any church and many of those who are members are only nominally so. Therefore it is hoped as we face up to the situation that all the agencies among us, great and small, will unitedly make this the most wonderful five years of evangelism that the Disciples of Christ have known.

Is the goal of one million a possibility? This is only a 20 per cent increase for every local church and mission field among us each year. Surely one and a quarter million Christians can win 200,000 a year to Christ and the church. If we should count on only 5,000 active preachers and missionaries (there are more than this number) each one would only need to win 40 each year to reach the goal. Can we really take the great commission seriously and do less in soul winning? No, the goal will not be an impossibility if the passion, suffering for souls for whom Christ died, actually and really takes hold of us.

The Present Pre-Easter Campaign

Easter comes very early this year, falling on March 27. What is done must be done at once, if the wonderful sacred season of the glad Easter time is to bring its blessings and results.

The general plans of the pre-Easter campaign in part are as follows.

1. The Time

The campaign begins January 1 and culminates on Easter Sunday. The first half of this time is the PERIOD OF PREPARATION AND THE SECOND HALF IS THE PERIOD OF EVANGELIZATION.

2. The Leader

The preacher, in the very nature of the case, must be the leader in this great program of soul winning. Wherever there is no preacher with the church, the Bible school superintendent or some other consecrated leader should take the leadership. Many churches last year observed the Pre-Easter "Win One" Campaign who were without a pastor. Whoever the leader may be he should study the plans carefully, order the literature at once and lead the church in a program of soul winning and thus have the joy with thousands of his brethren in soul winning at this season of the year.

3. The Organization

The following are suggestions to help in soul winning work. Gather together a group of people in the church and organize them into "A Win One Legion" class to study how to do personal work, using the suggested Handbook on Personal Evangelism as a text book or any other book that is suitable. Place a great deal of emphasis on the book of Acts in the class study. Give the names of prospective members to the members of the class and set them at the task of soul winning. Impression without expression is harmful.

Wherever possible have the Christian Endeavorers study personal work in their regular Sunday evening meetings. Some time could be given with much profit to the study of personal work in the Sunday school teachers' meetings, thus fitting them to better lead their pupils to Christ. The women's missionary organizations of the church can assist the pastor in calling in the homes of the prospects, in the week of prayer and in special Easter plans. Some adult class especially may desire to study how to do personal work for six Sundays preceding Easter, which would mean much to the class and to the church.

A prospect list should made by the pastor, of those in the community who should be won to Christ. These lists can be gotten by a religious census of the community and from the Sunday school teachers and by passing out cards in the morning church services and asking all present to hand in the names of those they would desire won to Christ. There are various ways to get this live prospect list. As the names are received, they should be handed to the personal workers.

Every Bible school should most carefully plan for a wonderful decision day on Easter Sunday. Every teacher should be asked to make a prayer list of all in her class who are not Christians and these should be prayed for daily. She should seek to help answer her prayers by getting into touch with the pupil and talking individually to him about accepting Christ.

Every church, wherever possible, should hold a two weeks' special evangelistic meeting preceding Easter, with an evangelist or home forces. At no time of the year perhaps is the world thinking as seriously about Christ and the church as at Easter and churches will find this time lending itself to the winning of men and women, boys and girls to Christ. By all means every church should have services every night during Passion week. If the church is without a pastor let them meet for prayer, reading from the Word and singing each evening during this week.

Pastors and missionaries will find wonderful results in training a class of boys and girls for church membership. Increasingly our brethren are doing this with splendid results. These classes may meet several evenings after school each week and on Saturdays. A special book for this instruction will be ready by February 15, which has been prepared by Miss Hazel Lewis and the writer.

We are hoping that every church here at home and every mission station on the foreign field will have a sunrise prayer meeting on Easter Sunday morning. Make some one definitely responsible for this service and have the entire church present. It will start the day with prayer power and will make for a great decision day in the Bible school and for telling results in all services of the day.

4. The Literature

The revised Handbook on Personal Evangelism for use in personal work classes is ready. The price is 75c per dozen or $2 for 3 dozen. The prospect, prayer and membership cards are 65c per hundred.

A number of good books and tracts on evangelism can be had from our publishing houses. The literature should be ordered at once if results are expected from it by Easter.

5. The Reports

Blessed is the preacher that reports his results for it may be he shall be able to inspire some brother preacher to greater things. Send in reports to the Secretary of Evangelism at the United Society Headquarters, St. Louis, Missouri, on personal workers' classes, additions to the church, special revivals, decision days and about any other success.

After Easter we shall plan together for a period of conservation and continuation, culminating on Pentecost, May 15.

6. Prayer Power

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of Hosts." No work or program has ever been attempted by our people that calls for more fervent prayer and determined faith than this five year program of soul winning to win one million members. Prayer brings unity and unity brings strength. Prayer brings power and power enables us to accomplish the impossible. "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." May all our work, plans and organizations be saturated with prayer so that we may be able to do this spiritual work of soul winning in a spiritual attitude of mind. Let us keep the five year program up to a high spiritual plane where it belongs, not thinking so much of the number but the present need and the absolute necessity for soul winning. "Speak to the Disciples of Christ that they go forward in soul winning" for "he that winneth souls is wise."

Voices That Pass in China's Night

By DR. PAUL H. STEVENSON

A MOANING wail comes piteously through the night. Somewhere a mourner lies prostrate on a grave. Nearer by, a babe lifts its ever weakening cry into the darkness. Somewhere the hand of death is rocking the cradle.

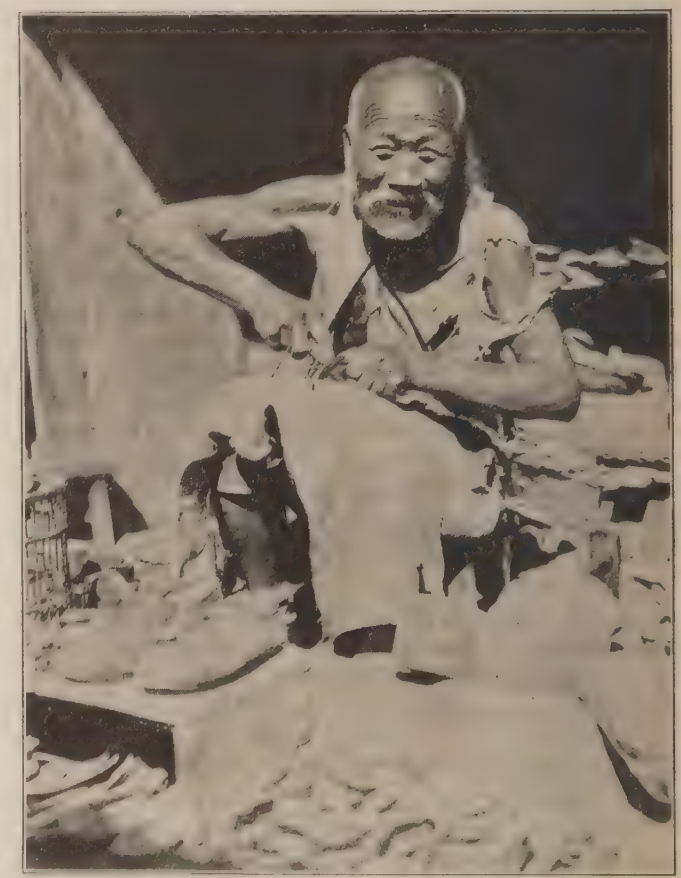
To my sleepless cot in the heat of a summer night, these familiar sounds bring their insistent, compelling message of the sorrow, suffering, hopelessness, both of the cradle and the grave. And between the two?—disease, followed closely by the stalking spectre of death, hurries here and there, ever robbing the heart of its laughter and taking from the lips their smile.

As I lie awake and listen, the voices seem to be speaking to me, seem to be asking me questions.

"Are you doing all that you can to help us, Foreign Teacher? There are so few of you and we are so many. For a hundred years you have been trying to come to us—and we to you. But it is so hard and so slow. A thousand may reach you—but hundreds of thousands fear to come, hundreds of thousands cannot come, still other hundreds of thousands know not that you exist."

The baby's cry grows fainter and fainter, and now above its sound I can hear the cries of others—babies dying in the heat of the summer night. Here and there the crying stops, and the low single moan of a mother's heart tells me that one more babe has gone to join the seven or eight out of every ten.

But the message—Ah, how true! Four hundred of us tonight among this four hundred million. But surely, I reason, we are not all and I begin to count. In addition there are some twenty, perhaps twenty-five, Chinese doctors returned from America with our Western medicine; about ten from England; four hundred from Japan, but from the lower grades of the Japanese medical schools. From our own medical schools in China, such as these schools have been? Not more than a thousand. And I add them all together—less than two thousand doctors for the whole of China, less than one for every two hundred thousand people. My own country has a doctor for every six hundred people; England, one for every thousand; continental Europe, one for every two thousand. But China—short over ninety-nine per cent of this last!



A Chinese Cobbler

Millions of Chinese, as this one, live upon a very narrow margin of earnings. They are very, very poor. The greatest suffering in the present famine is among just such people as these. There is so much distress that parents are selling their children for food or are killing them to save them from the slow agonies of starvation. Whole families, even, are committing suicide because they prefer death to the starvation which they know is inevitable.

Chinese Farmers

Farming in China, as in all non-Christian lands, is very primitive. These men are trying to fertilize their fields. They are lifting the muck from the bottom of the pond, putting it first into their boat. Then, bringing the boat to the shore, they scatter the wet slime and refuse over their small field. It is hard work and done chiefly by men and women themselves. There is no modern machinery in China to help make the way easier for the Chinese farmer.

The low moaning wail, joined now and then by another and still another, continues on through the night. And the message—it continues too.

"You are merely standing on the edge, Foreign Teacher. You have not entered in. Even with all your hospitals, you can but barely touch the real problem of our suffering—you hardly scratch the surface of our vast need."

"Your one short life will soon be gone," the voice continues, "for it lasts only a little while in this land of disease. And when it has been spent, you have only healed your hundreds—the thousands and the millions still remain."

With a heavy heart I turn once more on my cot and try to sleep. But now the voice goes on.

"Can you think of no better way, no quicker way to help us, Foreign Teacher? Will this wonderful secret of healing always remain in the hands of the few? Must it continue to help only those born close to where one of you lives? What of our millions? Do you really want to help us? With that

wonderful efficiency that you talk of, can you not think of some way to help us to help ourselves, can you not strike nearer to the very heart of our great problem? Are you really in earnest, Foreign Teacher?"

The questions begin to sting. "Are you in earnest?"

I turn back again and try to think. To be sure there have been some here and there that have merely played, living the while in good homes and spacious compounds and misusing the opportunities that were theirs, but after all they have been the few. The whole effort has been a serious one. God only knows how serious. And He only knows of the lives spent and gone—bodies broken with the years of unselfish service—eyes grown dim that others might see—lives given that others might live. They have done their best and yet, alas—they have barely touched the fringe. The question repeats itself, "Can you think of no better way, no quicker way? Can you not strike nearer to the very heart of our great problem?"

Thoroughly awake, I lie and listen—for still the voice continues.

"I have sons and daughters of my own heart and tongue. They can learn—you have seen that they can learn. Yea, even from your own universities have they not often received the highest honors in law, in philosophy, in engineering, even as they have also in medicine? Yesterday, those that I would allow to go to you were few—I was afraid to let them go and learn. But today they are hundreds, thousands, even tens of thousands—eager, anxious and able to learn. They are my new life, the New China in the New World. Can you not give to them, Foreign Teacher, my own sons and daughters, the secret of your healing? And will you not tell them quickly, ere I die?"

As I lie perfectly still, listening, the voice continues its pleading. It is asking that I give more of my small store of energy to her children, the China of tomorrow—and less to the old and the dying, the China of yesterday. The voice is arguing that her great masses, her real self, can only be reached by her own children. The voice—seeming now to have given its real message and talking more and more to itself—is saying something about Japan. I catch only the fragments, "Japan—only a short fifty years—healed herself—her own children learned the secret—fifty years—the whole nation—the only way—her own children."

"But what of our present work? What of our hospitals?" I ask. "What of these two hundred and fifty hospitals scattered over your great country? Is it your thought that these should be abandoned and closed that we might open schools for your sons and daughters to study medicine?"

"Quite the opposite," answered the voice. "Improve them, enlarge them and equip them with the best. Let them become models in every way. My sons and daughters who are to become the future medical profession of China shall have need of them. The Church of Christ in China shall have need of them even as the Church has need of her hospitals in your own land. And most important, if you would make the best investment of your foreign influence in your hospitals today, employ them well as training schools for nurses in this hour of need."

As I listen, the moaning seems to grow fainter, as if to cease. In the east, the gray of the coming dawn is struggling on the horizon.

The message of the night has left me with strange feelings. As the familiar outlines in the hospital compound assume their accustomed shapes in the gathering light of the new day, the old main building, the new out-patient building, the gate house, the walk, the palms, and all—my heart finds within itself a little sadness mixed with the larger joy. The Mission Hospital is passing from one stage of its life into another—into its own and greater life; even as a child that has grown to manhood and must needs be off and at work upon the things of his own life.

I arise, for the night is past. And I too must be about the work of the morrow. For is not mine to be a part in the preparation of those that shall ultimately minister to the suffering and moaning masses that spoke to me in the night? And as I step out into the early morning, I know that there is indeed much to do; a new day, both for the school and for the hospital. And somewhere a voice speaks, telling me to be strong, for the need of great courage is not a thing of the past. The medical missionary must now proclaim both to himself and to China, "Behold, he that cometh after me, is greater than I"—and with even greater courage must he ever sound to himself the refrain, "He must increase but I must decrease."

Luchowfu, China, August 4, 1920.

A Little Bit of the Water Front Between Wuhu and Luchowfu, China

Into the great harbors and up the waterways of China will soon go the ships from America, bearing their gifts of grain and food to the starving millions. There is great need, not only for today but for tomorrow and the months to come. They must have help immediately unless they are to die by the hundreds, and thousands—even by the millions. But what about the human lives that are going out on America's great ships—lives that are to help save China from spiritual starvation? Will we, the Church of Christ, rise as quickly to meet that need as Christian America is rising to meet the appalling famine need of today? Can we not hear the "piteous wail—the wail of sorrow, suffering, hopelessness, both of the cradle and the grave"?

SPOKANE UNIVERSITY

Fruit From a Filipino Field

By A. G. SAUNDERS

OUR story opens in a queer, upper room in an ancient building with mighty walls and of ample dimensions. No man living in Vigan can remember when that building was put up. It is likely that it dates from the seventeenth century. The furniture of this room points to a grim and merciful intention. Its central item is a white-painted iron table with a glass top. Basins and buckets and serious looking instruments abound. All is spotless—in a tropical climate where not coal, but dirt, is king—from the lead floor to the white tin ceiling. An electric globe just above the table tells of the reach and force of modern civilization in Columbia's generous hand.

On a recent day a man lay still upon that table. With quiet concentration a group of figures, capped and gowned in white, was busy about the unconscious form. Each one knew his part and fulfilled it promptly. The surgeon passed on his spirit and his skill to his bright helpers. It was a clean job.

A Typical School House in a Rural Section of the Philippine Islands

With a smile the doctor pulled off his tight-fitting gloves, laid down his needle, put aside his mask and gown, and turned to other tasks. His brown-skinned nurses followed suit.

A little later, midnight found the doctor racing to a distant town. A fisherman needed a light for his tobacco. Instead of line and hook he and his friends were using dynamite. He tried to use the dynamite in connection with his tobacco. The result was scarcely satisfactory. It did not blow his head entirely off but, after some delay, it dragged the doctor from his bed. The doctor brought him back to the hospital and superintended the funeral arrangements the following morning. But prior to doing that, and in the hour when the shadows and lights mingled at the approach of the sun, he ushered another little life into the world. With a constant smile and cheery word this man spends his time between life and death helping, healing, serving.

A little farther along the same narrow, crooked, dusty street is a second ancient building. It was once a Spanish theater. It is now a place of prayer. Had you chanced to enter that chapel on the Wednesday evening of the week of which we have been speaking you would have seen the doctor in the chair. He was presiding at a meeting of earnest Christians, both old and young. It was a gathering that would put to shame many a midweek service in the homeland. There sat that same young doctor, his splendid face aglow under his black curly hair. Had you been there you would have listened to his burning words. Any other Wednesday evening would find him in his place joining with the rest in uplifted prayer and praise. Each Lord's day morning he teaches the Sunday school lesson to a large class of young men, most of them high school students. His wife has a similar group of young women. Last Sunday evening, in his Ilocano mother tongue he read John, fourteen, and poured out the gospel story with all his great heart. In answer to his appeal two men stood before the congregation to confess Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. One was a middle-aged Chinaman. The same starlit hour witnessed their baptism in the nearby stream. Even on a recent vacation trip in a large town the doctor preached. Great crowds gathered in the chapel. The doctor's message was a trumpet call to service. He is no master of "soft words."

Away up in the northeastern corner of the great island of Luzon is Cape Bojeador. The white shaft of its great lighthouse points skyward like a mighty finger from its place away back on the hills far above the black, torn rocks at its feet, where the Pacific catches the stirring China Sea in its wide embrace and rolls heavily down with it in sobbing spray as if it could feel the burden of all human weariness and woe. A wild beauty moves with the foam and rests on the hills. There are silences there also—feeling silences and solemn emptiness. In this remote, impressive place are to be seen here and there little groups of bamboo houses, roofed with grass and set among palms and banana leaves. Here, in January, 1889, in one of those little bamboo houses, our good doctor joined humanity's long caravan. His education began at about seven. He was at that time taken in hand by a Roman Catholic priest who dwelt in the convent attached to a church in a nearby village. This man meant to make the boy into a priest. The first step in that process is to act as a sacristan. But life had some surprises for that priest. Revolution fell upon the land in 1896. The priests had been driving the people; the people now hunted the priests. Thus the little fellow's career in that place was of short duration. He says that he went home and "fooled around like any other boy." It is interesting to know, also, that the convent in which he lived prior to the revolution has vanished. The black, gray walls of the church remain, a dreary ruin, its roof long since swept off by the breath of a typhoon, its interior a tangle of trees and shrubs, while near by stands a little wooden chapel with a galvanized iron roof, bearing on its face this inscription: "Church of Christ, Burgos."

Yet the lad did not "fool around" exactly. He spent much time in a mango tree with a big Spanish book he had acquired, reading and memorizing its contents—the only way he knew of gaining knowledge. This exercise was interrupted by the coming of the short-lived Filipinos' Republic. This boy could scarcely be called mature. Yet he found himself installed as clerk to the mayor of the town where a little before he had been sacristan for the priest.

Now came an event of the greatest possible importance to the Filipino people. God took away the Spaniard and brought in the American. That is spoken reverently. It is simple truth.

Fruit From Our Filipino Field

A convention of Christians which was held in October in our chapel in Vigan. Dr. Palencia, in the black coat, is seated in the front row. Mr. Hanna and Mr. Swanson are standing in the last row to the right; Mr. Saunders in the center of the fourth row.

It is easy to despise the Spaniard as one thinks of his work in such countries as the Philippines. But it should be kept in mind that the Spaniard is what his Roman Catholic religion has made him. Our little lad, however, seized an opportunity that now came his way. The Americans set out to give the people schools. For in nearly four hundred years of Spanish occupation and priestly rule no schools were provided, except for a greatly favored few. But there were no teachers. Special normal schools were therefore set up to bring some teachers into existence. Our little man bravely entered one of these schools and soon became a "teacher." But he was not a raging success. This is his own comment, "I taught for a while and then I was fired. I was just a kid, and wanted to play with the other kids. After that I just fooled around again."

He was now a little more than fourteen but was bigger than the average Filipino boy of that age. The young scamp took advantage of this to declare himself eighteen, a necessary prelude to securing a place in the Philippine constabulary. Here he served for three years.

But his spirit reached after higher things. Turning away now from military life he went to Laoag and entered its high school—a school which now has more than a thousand students. A year or two before this a young man named Hanna had with his wife taken up his abode in that large town. Mr. Hanna had been sent there by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. He started a Sunday school in his home. Another young fellow named Pickett, a doctor, helped in the Sunday school by teaching a class of young men in English. That was sixteen years ago. But Doctor Pickett is still teaching his young men's class in English. Our young Filipino ventured in to hear what the Protestant missionary had to say. Each Lord's day morning he was in the class. On Sunday evenings he would attend the English services for the American teachers.

After completing the three-year high school course and serving as translator for the mission press at Vigan, he passed on to a far northern town called Claveria, there to do the work of an evangelist. His career was brief and slightly sensational. He stayed just three weeks, in which time he had 34 baptisms and one wedding. Being more or less satisfied with this measure of success as a preacher he resigned his living and departed for America.

This was an undertaking that called for cash. He had saved a little. He borrowed what he had not saved from his friends. So that, when a certain well-known Pacific liner drew alongside her berth in Seattle a few weeks later she brought among her steerage passengers our Filipino lad. On the ship a good Christian man had taken an interest in him. This was Mr. H. J. Norton, president of the University State Bank in Seattle. Mr. Norton was a Free Methodist. Other Free Methodists aboard were teachers returning after a term of service in the Philippines, some of whom had been the young man's teachers. These perhaps interested the banker in him. Mr. Norton took him into his own home, said to be the finest house in Seattle at the time. The Nortons had no children and wanted to adopt the lad, offering to educate him and supply all his needs. He worked about the house, cleaning windows, caring for the lawn and watering the sweet peas. One of the features of this home was its evening worship. What tender impressions must have been made upon the young man's soul by this means of grace. He attended regularly the services of University Place Christian Church. In time the preacher there received a letter from Des Moines inquiring about the young Filipino. It said

further that he would receive a scholarship if he would enter Drake University. But he had no money for the railway journey. Great was his surprise, however, a few Sunday afternoons afterwards to have the preacher tell him that $84 had been given by the church people for his transportation and other expenses. Dr. and Mrs. Pierce took him home to dinner and gave him two suitcases filled with fried chicken and an easily thought out et cetera for use on the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were genuinely grieved to give him up. But he accepted the opportunity and presently arrived at Drake.

His experiences in school were those of any other determined fellow intent on making his own way. Too many of his fellow countrymen, after they reach the high school level, become concerned lest anything they do may disarrange their attire. They are dainty and dependent. It never was true of this young man. Not long since his automobile got into difficulties in one of the many rivers of Northern Luzon. Instead of maintaining his dignity and urging others to the toil, he leaped from his car and, freeing himself of that which is merely external, got down into the water and labored with the men. With this spirit in him he had to succeed when he reached the school. The rest of the story is soon told. In 1914 he was through with stoking furnaces and doing other humble toil and went forth with his degree in science. At the State University of Iowa in 1916 he took a second degree which requires us to introduce him formally as Doctor Paul Claro Palencia. A sojourn in Des Moines again as an interne brought him not a new degree, but in the fullness of time an acquisition. This was, to be precise, a wife, Miss Olive Mary Younker, having completed her training as a nurse, braved the Pacific and the China Sea in the season of its annual wrath and became Mrs. Palencia, in Vigan, August 1, 1919. Mrs. Palencia has already done excellent work in improving conditions in the Vigan hospital. The doctor took charge of the Vigan Hospital October 1, 1917.

Certainly "the boy had it in him." But cannot the Mission truly claim to have had a determining influence and to have been the dominant factor in the making of the man? Have not those young missionaries of nearly twenty years ago the right to rejoice in that which God has wrought through them? They are still toiling in the Philippines—both of these "splendid men." Doctor Palencia is only a fraction of what either of them has achieved. This is what we mean by Fruit From a Filipino Field.

Vigan, Philippine Islands.

The Advance of Medicine Against Superstition

By DR. P. C. PALENCIA

Three Filipino Nurses

Typical of what is to be in the Philippines when the people have been evangelized and educated above the superstition due to ignorance and fear.

THE advance of medicine against superstition in the Ilocano territory is a slow and discouraging, although an interesting process. We are dealing in the north with people of different customs, of different ideas and attitudes toward scientific medicine, of different religion, and with people without God. We are dealing with people the majority of whom are not what we call of a hardy, thrifty and progressive stock, but of easy, happy-go-lucky people with little or no aspiration for big things in life. As a result of these things the ordinary diseases of tropical climates are very prevalent, especially tuberculosis, which is greatly exaggerated by lack of hygiene and sanitation. In such a field the advance of medicine must necessarily be slow and difficult, for the whole idea of illness in a very large percentage of the people is centered upon two main beliefs: Firstly, that sickness or injury is caused by some evil spirit, an impenetrable barrier of mysticism and an inherent feeling, perhaps, held by generation after generation. Secondly, that God wills it. So if the sickness was due to some evil spirit the treatment must be to get rid of it, hence the employment of a medicine man or woman who inflicts upon his or her patient a variety of antiquated methods and ceremonies, such as killing the fattest hog or the finest looking white rooster that the patient can get, the meat of which is to be spread as food for the spirit. Following this, in order to please the spirit, there is drinking and dancing around the patient. After such feasting comes the washing of the patient's hair with a solution of burned rice straw and some other junk, such as leaves and so on, where some pieces of silver of varying amount have been soaked through the night before, or the anointing of the patient or the injured part with saliva. I have on record a patient in the surgical ward of the Frank Dunn Memorial Hospital, that developed general septicemia following an infected wound which we had been trying to clear up for some time and we found that he had been putting his own saliva on the focus of infection every morning, believing that it would hasten cure.

If, however, the patient believes that his calamity was

brought upon him by God, then San Roque must come to the rescue. Imagine a tubercular patient in a dirty corner of a house, windows shut as tightly as possible, and surrounded still with a screen or pavilion with the main purpose of keeping all possible fresh air and light from him and with San Roque's image hanging above his head.

It is to people of this type of almost hopeless superstition that the Frank Dunn Memorial Hospital extends its offer of modern medical and surgical help and to us who are dealing in any way with the problems of disease it is rather discouraging, but it is up to the modern medicine man to brace up and cope with these difficulties and meet the challenge.

When, however, we look over the work done along medical and surgical lines in the Vigan Christian Hospital during the year that has just closed we will find that it is not all discouraging. For in the midst of superstition and struggles from many other sources of opposition, such as ignorance and religion, we have admitted during the year 380 patients and have treated both in the medical and surgical department 17,100 persons. Still, when we stop and think of the number of people in our field who undoubtedly need more or less attention in the way of scientific medicine, the persons we have reached for the year are a very small percentage. It means, I think, that superstition is still holding her sway mightily among the people. It is one of the worst enemies of progress. To any people superstition is one of the drawbacks for their physical, social, mental and spiritual development, and unless it is broken down scientific medicine and, I venture to say, even the work of the Master will move very slowly. There must be a solution to this embarrassing problem. Medicine alone cannot break it down. Will education do it? Education, alone will barely touch it. I have for over two years now watched in the city of Vigan people who are supposedly highly educated performing the worst kind of ceremonies when they are sick. To my mind, therefore, the only solution of this problem is, firstly, evangelization; secondly, proper education; thirdly, hospital standardization.

Frank Dunn Memorial Hospital, Vigan, Philippine Islands.

A Japanese Funeral

By C. F. McCALL

The Funeral Procession Passing Through the Rice Fields

Coolies walk in front and carry natural and artificial flowers. The priests, members of the family, and many of the wealthy people of the city ride in jinrikishas. The arrow indicates the urn with the ashes of the dead. Cremation is quite generally practiced in Japan. Because of the position of her husband this was a very expensive funeral for the poor widow. These shocks of rice seem harmless enough, but when brewed by the selfish hand of greedy man they can thus lay low the choicest of our kind.

BESIDES my regular missionary work I teach English in the Middle School. Recently when boarding a train for Tokyo I was joined by Mr. Suzuki, the principal of our school. The following Sunday we were all shocked by a telegram that announced his death while still in Tokyo. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him. His pupils were fond of him and he was a kind man. He was a graduate of the Imperial University and a teacher of wide experience. When I spoke to one of the teachers of his death he replied, "Of course, no definite word has come, but we suppose his death was caused by apoplexy brought on by drink." This proved to be true. Here was a man in the prime of life, just ready for his greatest usefulness, in his home (for the eldest of his five children is still in her middle teens), in the school and in the state, taken away like a flash. His widow and little children are left with little or no finances at their disposal.

In the Temple

The widow and baby on one side and the most intimate friends on the other are facing the remains. The priest is in the background. The temple service was largely attended and was very elaborate. For some thirty minutes a number of priests in splendid robes recited chants which no one, with the possible exception of some of the priests themselves, understood. As far as one could see, all efforts were centered in honoring the departed rather than in offering consolation and help to the living. The longest part of the two-hour service was taken up in addresses to the dead by the principals or representatives of the other schools of the city and by representatives from other organizations of which he was a member.

His fellow teachers and friends are raising a sum of money to present to them in the near future.

Because of my relation to this man in school work, because of the fact that I was the last of the teachers to see him in this life, and because of the awful loss resulting from this robbery by old King Alcohol, I am more determined than ever before to do my best to see prohibition lift her gentle form here in the East.

One-tenth of all the rice grown in Japan is brewed into *sake*. No social occasion is at all complete without liquor. When the signing of the armistice was celebrated here in Akita, drinking was the main feature of the occasion. Everyone drinks—teachers, doctors, priests, lawyers, business men. "Of course, all men breathe, that is a universal custom and why should men not drink as well? It has always been so and is that not a good reason?" The roots of the custom strike deep into the life of the nation and "This kind can come out by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Prohibition Among the Negroes

By CHARLES O. LEE

AT THE request of the Board of Temperance and Social Welfare I am giving some of my observations of changes which have taken place among the Negroes in relation to our work at Flanner House.

In general, the effects of Prohibition upon the Negro of Indianapolis are much like its effects upon the white man of Indianapolis. The great majority of those who were addicted to its usage, or who suffered indirectly from its ravages, have been greatly benefited. There are some who have been driven on by their appetites and depraved natures to break the law and many times to drink poisoned draughts in order to enjoy the sensation of the "kick" of olden time. In dealing, therefore, with the effects of Prohibition upon the Negro in Indianapolis, I could pretty nearly substitute the words "white man" wherever the word Negro would be written or implied and would still be within the pale of the truth.

Another thing should be said before we deal with the specific theme in hand. There are so many currents of life mixed up with the temperance current that it is very difficult to set it apart by itself, watch its flow and mark its effects upon men. The great wave of prosperity came almost simultaneously with prohibition in Indiana and quite a large part of the economic changes witnessed in the colored districts are due to plenty of work and good pay. However, this is not the whole story. For much of the prosperity is due to the sobered condition of the workmen and the spending of money for the real commodities of life instead of giving it to the saloon-keeper.

The Moral Effect

One great effect of prohibition has been the moral effect produced in many homes. Before prohibition came, home after home was not only robbed of the larger part of the income of the head of the house, but also of his presence and corrective influence. When he was in the home it was oftentimes to abuse and beat. A is a case in point. A is a hodcarrier. Before the war the hodcarriers were the best paid men among the colored laborers. As a rule the hodcarrier loved his whisky. A was no exception to the rule. He would get his pay on Saturday and go immediately to the Hodcarriers' Club. There he would spend all night Saturday and all day Sunday in drinking and carousing. When he did go home it was to whip his wife because she insisted upon him bringing home money to provide for the family of five. Since prohibition has come conditions in this home have entirely changed, for A today is a good husband and a good provider.

B is another case. B is a blacksmith and the father of ten children. While the saloons were here he was drunk incessantly. He virtually drank up two or three blacksmith shops, for he spent most of his time running from his shop to the saloon nearby. His children were always in rags and lived upon the bounty of the welfare agencies of the city for years. Since the saloon has gone he has straightened up. He is today working in a blacksmith shop on salary and per cent and is doing well. His family is fairly well clothed and his wife gets to church occasionally. They are just beginning to live and the change is due to Prohibition.

These cases are only typical of many others where Prohibition has worked nothing short of a revolution in the home life.

The Economic Effect

A second great effect has been the economic changes wrought. While, as I said above, it is hard to separate the economic changes which are due to Prohibition from the general wave of prosperity that is everywhere, one can say with certainty that part of this prosperity is due to the abolition of the liquor traffic. The colored people of Indianapolis have never handled as much money in the same period of time as they have handled in the last three years; and they have never spent it for more useful things. They are eating better food, wearing better clothing and have more in their homes. A great wave of home buying has swept over the colored sections. To be sure, some decided reasons aside from the Prohibition issue have been responsible for so many buying homes, such as high rents, inability to rent and high wages. But the fact that the people are willing to invest their earnings in a home is very significant.

The Prohibition era has also been a great period for the colored churches. Money has literally flowed into these church treasuries like water. Within our own community the following churches, during the past three years, either have erected or are in the process of erecting new buildings: Mount Paran Baptist, Second Baptist, Simpson Chapel M. E., Antioch Baptist, Philips C. M. E., and New Baptist. Jones Tabernacle A. M. E. Z. has purchased a large (white) Congregational church building and is spending thousands of dollars in remodeling. Not one of these new churches mentioned will have spent less than $20,000 and some as much as $50,000 for their plants when completed.

Merchants are one in saying that collections have been much better since Prohibition came in. A real estate dealer reports that rents are much more easily collected and grocerymen that bills are more promptly paid.

The Change Seen in the Colored Crowd

A third significant effect has been the decided change in the tone of large Negro groups when gathered together. I am told that while the saloon was here it was almost unbearable for a respectable person to walk down Indiana Avenue. Such a one was constantly meeting up with a rough, debasing atmosphere which emanated from the groups that gathered upon the sidewalks. While at the present time the crowds that line this thoroughfare are not always of the highest order, there has been a decided change and the most respectable can go the length of the avenue unmolested.

An example of this change in another place was given me by a discerning colored man. He said that before Prohibition came in, the Jim Crow car of the South was a place of torment to the respectable and peace-loving Negro. The drunken Negro seems to resent the idea of anyone being respectable. So the respectable persons riding these cars were targets for the taunts and insults of these drunken sots riding within. Oftentimes they would get to quarreling among themselves and passengers had to find safety behind seats to keep from getting hit by bullets. This same man was riding a Jim Crow car not long since. It was on Sunday afternoon and the car was filled to the very limit with picnickers. Such a crowd a few years ago would have been sure to end in a general *melee*, but with the absence of liquor the worst that was heard was a general complaint against the road for not furnishing better accommodations. These conditions have so changed that a colored child can ride anywhere throughout the South and not be molested. "Only one who has experienced this change," says he, "can really appreciate it."

The Illicit Traffic

Just one word in conclusion about the illicit dealing in liquor in this vicinity. The liquor fight is not over and double energy should be exerted to see that the laws are enforced. There are many signs that much liquor is being sold in the vicinity. One party who was asked to give his opinion as to how much was sold said he thought the quantity sold had greatly decreased, but he felt that almost as much was being spent for it as when the saloons were in. I think he is wrong in his estimate of the expenditure, but there is quite a traffic going on.

Our Friendly Visitor frequently finds whisky bottles partly empty in the homes where she visits and her clients tell her somewhat of the traffic, although much caution is exercised. The bottled-in-bond goods, from what we can learn, seems to be getting pretty scarce. It sells for $25 a quart. There is plenty of "white mule," we are told.

We find that the old drunkards who are determined to have liquor usually can get it. Yet it is seldom we see a drunken man upon the street. The significant thing is that the young men of the community are growing to maturity without acquiring the habit of strong drink. In another generation or two the real effects of Prohibition can be measured fully.

Flanner House, Indianapolis.

Wanderland—Wonderland.

Jo-Anne and Jimmy and their pilot Tim.

Verses by Lucy King DeMoss

-In China-

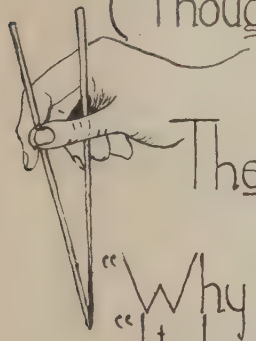
Drawings by Frances Hazlewood.

"Are we all here?" said Tim, with a wink and a grin,
As they stopped at the gate of the city, Nankin.
"Well, y-e-s," Jimmy gasped, and Jo-Anne said, "Dear me!
I'm glad to breathe air and on real land to be."

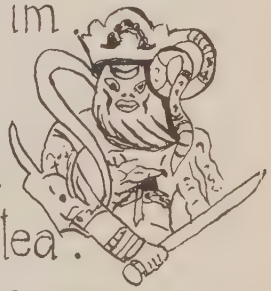
Then into a nice sedan chair they all piled,
While the two men who carried it bowed low and smiled;
And up through the queer, narrow streets they did ride,
With a curious crowd running close by their side.

"Oh, what is that big tower shaped just like a cake,
With the edges turned up by the baker's mistake?"
"Why, Jo-Anne," said Jimmy, "I'm s'prised at you, quite,
That is a pagoda, I knew at first sight."

They saw funny shops opened right on the streets,
And a man making cakes and one selling sweets;
They drank tea at a tea house and with chopsticks they ate,
(Though most of the rice tumbled back on their plate!).

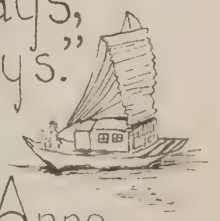


They went to a temple and saw people bow down
To a great, ugly idol, with hideous frown.
"Why do they do that, Tim?" asked Jo-Anne and Jim.
"Its because they don't know any better," said Tim.



They took a ride out in the country to see
The tiny, green farms and the nice fields of tea.
They liked the canals and the fish boats so queer;
"I think", Jimmy said, "they would be hard to steer."

"Now we'll take a short trip in a houseboat," said Tim,
And down through the rapids we bravely will skim.
The Chinese, you see, have such fine waterways,
They can get in a boat and so travel for days."



"Now Jimmy," said Tim, "Keep your eye on Jo-Anne,
We're off to the land of the Sunrise-Japan."

(Copyright, 1921, by Lucy King De Moss.)

Bonkanda wa Nzakomba Book of God

By EVA N. DYE

JESUS said "Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation." In carrying out this command the apostolic churches sought to translate the Scriptures into the languages of the peoples among whom they labored. This was the policy of the church down to the sixteenth century. Missionaries went first to the heathen from Antioch and there also did the translation of the Scriptures begin. About three hundred and seventy A. D., Saint Chrysostom of Antioch writes: "The doctrine of Saint John did not in such sort vanish away; but the Syrians, Egyptians, Indians, Persians, Ethiopians, and infinite other nations, being barbarous people, translated it into their (mother) tongue." Later Theodoret says: "Every country that is under the sun is full of these words and the Hebrew tongue is turned not only into the language of the Grecians, but also of the Romans, and Egyptians, and Persians, and Indians, and Armenians, and Sythians, and Sauromiatians and, briefly, into all the languages that any nation useth."

So the translation of the Bible into the mother tongue of a people is "not a quaint conceit lately taken up" but a principle of the early church, as well as of the modern, where the alphabet was constructed for the purpose of translating the Bible. With the beginning of the nineteenth century a new impetus came to the cause of foreign missions which has increased continually for over one hundred years. The Bible has been translated into four hundred and fifty living tongues.

It is estimated that Africa has five hundred twenty-one tongues and three hundred twenty-one dialects. In one hundred thirty of these literature is being published. In most cases our English (Roman) letters have been sufficient to express all the sounds. The difficulties involved in the work of translation are many. In most cases the missionaries have to delve into the mysterious unwritten languages unaided by interpreters. The early translations were therefore necessarily crude and imperfect. New workers rarely found the translations of their predecessors correct enough for use and proceeded at once to prepare new ones.

When the Congo Mission of the Disciples of Christ was opened at Bolenge in 1899 the three young pioneers found that some work had been done by another society in translating portions of the Bible into the Lonkundo language. These proved so imperfect that their use was impractical and E. E. Faris began at once to devote himself to the study of the language with the definite purpose of translation work. We all went about with a notebook and pencil as constant companions. Every new word was quickly written down with our own interpretation of its meaning. Ludicrous mistakes were made because of differences in the meanings of words by intonation and accent. One of our first friends, an old hewer of canoe paddles, was a frequent visitor. Later we found we had been calling him "an offensive odor" when his name really was "an appetizing palm nut." The genial old man had taken us as we meant and never was offended. The writer found that she had repeatedly told the school children to go wash their "feet" when she meant to say "hands." With due appreciation they came back from the river with clean feet and hands. We were delighted to find a diminutive for the various classes of nouns; that "lokongo," a dish, became "ikokongo," a little dish. Our joy was changed to terror when we later found that as we spoke "ikokongo," if

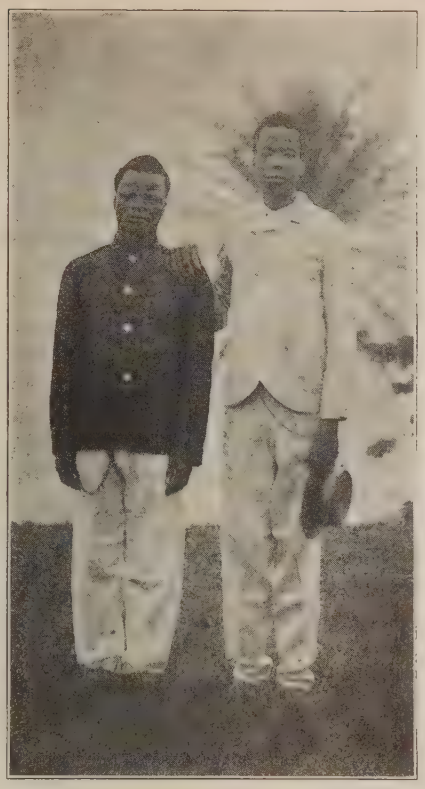
Printing Shop of the Mission, Bolenge, Congo Belge, Africa

Here not only the Bible and separate portions are printed, with hymn books and other helps to religious life and service, but also primers, grammars and all necessary school books.

we were not extremely careful we might be referring to either a small cockroach, a small leaf or an unspeakable curse.

This will convey some conception of the care necessary in translating the Scriptures lest the true meaning be perverted. Imagine the hopelessness of searching for such terms as love, patience, salvation, faith, repentance and scores of similar words! Willis Hotchkiss says he spent two and a half years searching for a word for salvation and found it in listening to the story of a man saved from being killed by a lion. This word was found in Lonkundo while listening to a similar story of a man saved from drowning.

For years we sought a word for "confession" meanwhile using a word signifying "to agree." This was most unsatisfying for it might so easily be spoken by the lips without real conviction. One might "agree" just to please the white teacher and thereby gain favor. What were we to do? While ill the writer overheard a conversation between two men outside the door. A fellow townsman had committed a theft and, because of the teachings he had heard of Jesus, had repented and confessed his wrong. Feverishly the listener seized her notebook, always hanging from the head of the bed, and wrote down the valuable discovery of two long sought for words. What rejoicing such discoveries caused to missionaries and native Christians alike! This always meant revision of translations which brought with it a world of new meaning.



Two Word Hunters

The tall boy at the right is the one who found the word for "patience."

For years we felt we had not found the right word for "patience" as the term we used would better express stick-to-itiveness and perseverance. Finally in making a translation of the epistle of James, it seemed absolutely necessary to find the right word. The epistle was being translated day by day for Doctor Dye to use in the Evangelists' class. Iyokansombo, the medical assistant, Efoloko, the wash boy, and others were helping in native idiom and clear expression. Suddenly Iyokansombo seemed to understand what was wanted and jumped up, saying, "We have a word for that but I have forgotten it. I will go to the old chief who never forgets." In a short time he came running back, his long ungainly arms and legs getting in each other's way, his face alight in his eagerness to make known his discovery of the word "mpimba," which he almost shouted as he came into the room and coiled his angular length upon a stool.

He told how he had brought the chief to think of what he was searching for and in the midst of the customary, lengthy, detailed report, he stopped and cried out as by sudden inspiration, "Oh that is what Joba (Job) had, isn't it?" We were dumbfounded by the outburst and tried to conceive what they had thought of Job all the past years. They must have thought he had a dogged determination to have boils instead of a calm, steadfast endurance of the affliction. When the epistle was completed and came from the press it was eagerly read and committed to memory by those unable to read, as well as by those who could. Yakoba (James) was speaking to them in their own language, imperfect as we know the translation to have been.

There is one advantage in not having the whole Bible at once, each new addition being then a fresh revelation from God. By the camp fire of evenings, on the trail or while at work the new book was read and reread until it became indeed a book of the heart. Old and young belong to a Pocket Testament League and fortunately for many of them the pocket is the heart. One day three little girls were sitting on the verandah of our mission bungalow. We called them the three B's as all their names began with B. They were neatly dressed, for their parents were Christian and these dear little B's loved nothing so much as to spend hours with us looking at pictures and perhaps getting a banana occasionally.

On this particular day we heard someone reading the first chapter of Malako (Mark) and looked out to see who it was. The sight that met our eyes can never be forgotten. The B's were sitting close together on an old canoe seat, holding a Gospel of Mark between them and, as they supposed, actually reading the words. Tears rushed to our eyes, tears of joy, when we thought how impossible this would have been even a few years before.

Many have shared in the translation of the New Testament into Lonkundo and now our missionaries on the Congo are cooperating with the workers in an adjacent territory to give the whole Bokanda wa Nzakomba to the tribes speaking the two allied dialects. What a triumph that will be! Soon countless numbers of Congo's children will be holding in their hands the Book of God and One will say to them, "Understand ye what ye read?"

"O holy, holy Book of God,
There are no words like Thine;
The tones, which angels bow to hear,
Flow through these words divine
And come with love's own melody
From the King's heart to mine."

May the angel of the Lord be heard by many a young man and young woman saying, "Arise and go toward the south," that His children, even in the heart of dark Africa, may come to understand in all its fullness the truth of the Master's saying, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

The Career of a Cobbler*

(As told by Vishnuswami on the edge of a deserted bazaar in India)

By MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."
—EMERSON.

CHAPTER III

Starlight: They that Turn Many to Righteousness

SILENTLY, one by one, Vishnuswami saw the stars thrusting themselves through the blueness of the heavens, and suddenly pointing upward in an ecstasy, he cried: "Could you count them for me, oh friend, so wise in figures?"

Chunder Singh laughed outright: "With two small eyes? You ask too much! Besides, what have the stars to do with Carey Sahib? Full well I know some hidden meaning behind your words."

"Look closer," Vishnuswami said, "and you will notice stars of greater light and stars of lesser light, which make this darkness bearable. Fasten your eyes while I name the bigger stars in order: the one straight up above the hut of old Ram Poona—I name it, Carey Sahib; next in line—I call it Marshman Sahib; the next, Marshman Mem Sahib; then William Ward Sahib—"

"Stop! Stop!" cried Chunder Singh, "why should I store so many names under my turban, names of English strangers of whom I never heard?"

With mock pathos came the gay reply: "Poor scattered man! Yet I am hard put to it to tell more of Carey Sahib unless I also mention Marshman Sahib and his wife, also Ward Sahib. Write their names upon your heart! The lesser stars I will come to much later; Krishna Pal, Gokool, Krishna Prosad—wait, and you shall hear."

"Men of India, those last," Chunder Singh remarked with certainty. "And now, no doubt, you will go on with the tale of Carey Sahib and his factory, making indigo."

"But only for the briefest minute! For you must hear of a bad season, of a most disastrous flood, of pirates seizing precious cargoes on the ocean, of Carey Sahib seeing that his factory must be closed for sudden lack of rupees. At once he sent a letter across the many seas to England, telling Andrew Fuller Sahib and the Baptist Society who held the ropes, that he was now acquainted both with tricks of Hindu natives and with lowest rates for housekeeping in India; wherefore it had been borne upon his heart that six or seven families could be kept for almost the same expense as one. He earnestly drew out his soul to the sahibs in England to set their faces toward him and send new men to tell about the Living God. Have I named these men? No, I have saved their title until now—'missionaries' they are called. And Carey Sahib especially put it down on paper that these sahibs should bring wives as hearty in the work as their husbands were. He also wrote his plan: these families all should live together in a cluster of straw houses, in a line or square, no one was to have anything of his own, but all must hold their things in common. Moreover, there should be fixed rules regarding eating, drinking, worship, learning, preaching and the other daily things they had to do."

Chunder Singh slapped his knee vigorously: "Ha! Ha! he must have eaten the fruit of madness to suggest a plan like that. Even the gods could never live without high quarrels, and it's only human to desire one's own. Poor Carey Sahib, he was doomed to disappointment! Or perhaps no men were found brave enough to cross those many oceans which you say rise up like mountains and sit down like valleys."

Vishnuswami pointed to the stars again: "Did not I name them to you? Marshman Sahib and his wife, Ward Sahib also? For you must hear how men in England called to mind the great unselfishness of Carey Sahib years before, refusing money when he was receiving also from his factory. Therefore they sent him his arrears in salary and found men eager to come across to India at once. Men who also had the sacred fire. It is a curiosity but one day before leaving England Carey Sahib met Ward Sahib, a man who was by trade a printer. Now mark the words that Carey Sahib said to him that day, five years before: 'If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your business to enable us to print the Scriptures.' And see, William Ward was of the sahibs who arrived with Marshman Sahib and his wife. As for this woman, I could tell you tales to last until we both grew bent with age. Oh, what a woman is she, friend of mine! You do not dream such females live."

With scant politeness came a grunt: "Dwell not on women! Am I not full now with tales of them? I tell you frankly they cannot draw out my heart. But tell me more of Carey Sahib's plan of small straw huts—'tis plain to see he envied much the kind of huts we build!—I like it in him."

"Oh, foolish neighbor! Has it entered your heart to ask why he craved such great uncomfortableness? He, who was used to windows made of glass and things called chairs to elevate his body from the earth and so extend his legs, as well as other things these English think are necessary."

"Well, was it not because he liked our ways the best?"

"You package of conceit! Let it penetrate your turban that he wished it only for our sakes, and for others such as we—so that when we looked we might not be offended by the differences between us, but might whisper in our

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beards: 'Behold this man of England is like a brother to me.' So all this he wrote to England to that society of which I have said much."

"You prick me awake! Did these sahibs from England indeed live in small straw huts like ours?"

"You hurry my tale too much, Chunder Singh, let me proceed in order, telling first how they arrived without passports from the East India Company, which—though composed of men called Christians—placed love of gold before all else in life and were bitter against men of the Living God. There was one to warn these English sahibs not to land in Calcutta but in a town called Serampore, full eighteen miles away. This town belonged to the nation known as Denmark, you must know. So it was from Serampore that Ward Sahib traveled down to Mudnabati to meet Carey Sahib. Picture in your head how earnestly they talked, how Carey Sahib came to see that since he was no longer manufacturing indigo he dare not stay on English soil in India to preach the Living God without a license from that so ungracious East India concern. Ward Sahib pressed the benefits of Serampore—under Danish rule, you understand—and Carey Sahib saw with happy eyes its possibilities and went there to dwell until the end of life. Now the date of this going was the year 1800, as the English reckon time."

"I am consumed with impatience—you still make no mention of straw huts!"

"Well you shall now hear, poor creature! You shall hear that they looked long and hard for land big enough to hold those huts, but none was to be found. So now I tell you of a change in plan. For in the center of the town was found a house, so large it cost six thousand rupees, brother. But in their hearts they saw how it would answer every purpose, for it had a cool and broad veranda and a hall, with two rooms on each side; rather more to the front, two other rooms, quite separate; and on one side, a store-house, which the sahibs planned to use as an office for printing. Now as to situation, picture a large plot of ground beside the Hoogli river, picture the wall around it with a garden at the bottom and a fine large pool of water in the middle."

Chunder Singh replied in awe: "You strike me between the eyes, old friend! This sounds like the palace of a rajah, of great magnificence!"

"It is true it was unlike the simpleness they had in mind, and Carey Sahib liked it not on that account, but even in the midst of largeness one need not spread one's self with vanity! So it was there they lived even as Carey Sahib planned at first:—all preached and prayed in turn, one person superintended the affairs of the household while one moon was waxing and waning, then another took full charge; Carey Sahib was treasurer and kept the chest of medicines. Each week they devoted the evening of Saturday to adjust their differences and pledged themselves anew to love each other. Also, they promised not to engage in private trade but to do all for the benefit of the Serampore Brotherhood. Ah, it draws out my heart to hear with how perfect a love they dwelt together, of one heart, of one soul; neither said any of them that any of the things he possessed was his own; all things were held in common!"

Chunder Singh smiled discreetly: "I make no doubt it lasted not over long, however!"

"You err, oh man of many quarrels, for I give you the truth when I say that for seventeen years they thus lived in perfect peace, until their numbers outgrew the house and others must be builded. Indeed, I breathe into your ear this splendid word: there never came one breath of trouble to those men in India; moreover, neither was there trouble across the sea in England so long as Andrew Fuller lived, the sahib who—but surely I have said it many times—he who was the secretary of the men who held the ropes while Carey Sahib came to India. But when this Fuller Sahib was gathered to his fathers there arose in England other sahibs doubting that these missionary men in India could be left to manage things alone. Ah, it is sad, my kinsman, when worshipers of the same God look on each other's affairs with doubting eyes and think unpleasantness concerning rupees. But store it in your heart, how Carey Sahib went his even way till now all men cast happy eyes upon his years in India, saying, 'Behold a saint!' "

Chunder Singh grew irritated: "You keep saying it, but what deeds did he commit to merit such high praise?"

"What? You trouble me for deeds, when I have filled your ears with nothing else since sunset time? Is it nothing that he lived in perfect peace with all the other sahibs? that he never rested? that he never held his gains unto himself? that he always tore his heart for those in sorrow to bring comfort? that he troubled much to learn our tongue and memorized our shastras that he might

Miss Caroline Pope and her Hospital Helpers, Mahoba, India

Woman is relieving the suffering of woman where for countless ages she has been despised and left to agony and death without either sympathy or care.

"Wonderful Words of Life"

Men of a village near Hatta, India, listening intently to a gospel sermon. The hostility of Carey's day and the indifference of Wharton's time have given way to earnest interest. It is only a matter of time until these five will be won, and after them their village.

argue with our men of learning about God? that every breath he drew from first to last was drawn to serve the Living God and lead the men of India to Him?"

"You say it and it has a fervent sound, but lo, I stop the praises of your lips with one question: mention me one son of India's men who stepped down into this new religion! Ah, I have you now!"

"Not so, poor Chunder Singh, place your eyes again upon the stars and note the lesser ones that twinkle in the sky. Oh, man of my own village, those little stars are those of India's sons who stepped down into the new religion and believed with joy. Moreover I named them but awhile ago—have you forgotten Krishna Pal, for instance?"

Chunder Singh shrugged his shoulders in a non-committal answer. This man seemed of unending wonders!

"Bend down your ear, for it is true that seven long years passed by before Carey Sahib leveled any hill of heathendom. At the doors of how many huts did he salaam? On how many earthen floors did he sit down to talk about the way to God? How many hours did he spend toiling at his desk sharpening the tool of tools to level all those lofty hills? Soon I will name that tool; just now remember what a tedious space of time is seven years, composed of many hopeful days, of many disappointed nights. He drew out his soul in very anguish, Chunder Singh. Then there was a man of the carpenter caste, Krishna Pal, whose arm was dislocated. In pain it dangled by his side until the man of medicine, Thomas Sahib, mended it for him."

Chunder Singh was curious: "How as to that mending, of what nature was it? A chanting with the lips? A beating of drums—or what?"

Vishnuswami laughed: "You man of ignorance! I have it as a fact that Thomas Sahib tied poor Krishna Pal fast to a tree to hold him quiet—he being too unused to Christian healing. Then with the aid of Carey Sahib and Marshman Sahib he replaced the dangling bone and bound it round in strips of cloth and slabs of wood to keep it straight. Meantime what questions gushed from Krishna Pal, who felt his sin most keenly. And, while he asked, the Living God stepped quietly inside the heart of Krishna Pal, and he was blest."

"All at once? Do you say he got down into the new religion all at once?"

"My friend, how can I say? I only know he came each day to talk with Carey Sahib and the hunger in his heart was fed. Moreover his wife and all his family were impressed, also his far neighbor, Gokool. Now I can prove their change of heart, since Gokool sat by Krishna Pal inside his hut and ate rice with him, a man of different caste."

"What, lost caste deliberately? What was he thinking of, when gods are all so fickle anyhow?"

"The Living God is different, so they say, unchangeable from yesterday even until tomorrow. Moreover, Krishna Pal and Gokool sat down in the house of Carey Sahib and ate rice with him, showing all the village how they broke their caste to serve the God of Heaven."

"I like it not!" groaned Chunder Singh sadly.

"Then I make no doubt you would have been in the crowd of two thousand Hindus in that village to curse Gokool and Krishna Pal, also Rasu, Krishna's wife, and Joymooni, her sister. You also would have dragged them by their hair before the Danish magistrate!"

"Indeed I would!" said Chunder Singh vindictively, "that brought them to their senses, I am sure."

"Think again!" said Vishnuswami, "for the magistrate himself was Christian and dismissed their case. So on a Sunday came the ceremony in the river, known as Baptism. It happened that Gokool and both the women wished to wait; so Krishna Pal and Felix, son of Carey Sahib, were baptized together. Picture that scene: the foot of Carey Sahib's garden where the Hoogli river ran. Hindus, Moslems, Europeans lined the banks, the blue river softly flowed, while Christians sang in sweet Bengali:

'Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?'

Ah, brother, it would have drawn out your heart to hear Carey Sahib explain that the Christians did not think the river sacred, as Hindus count the Ganges sacred, but that by this act the convert was renouncing all his gods and all sins, to put on Jesus Christ, the Living God. Is there fire in your heart to feel the warmth of Carey Sahib's joy? Seven years in India—and behold, this first new Christian! And so full of joy was Krishna that when he spoke of it to Gokool, both he and the two women changed their minds again and asked to be baptized as soon as possible."

"Now as to Krishna,—did his joy continue week by week? Could any god give peace forever?"

"My friend, such peace was his that his first act was putting up a house of worship to the Living God across the roadway from his hut—the very road on which the car of Jaganath was yearly drawn, while victims flung themselves beneath the wheels. And in this little house of worship Carey Sahib preached each week on Sunday, while the Christians rested from their daily work. A Christian 'church' they named it: the very first that Carey Sahib had in India. Then, one by one, as other Hindus joyfully got down into the new religion, they built new huts by that of Krishna Pal and dwelt in peaceful happiness."

A silence fell while each man thought his thoughts. Chunder Singh, still skeptical, his eyes fixed on the stars; Vishnuswami throbbing with strange impulses he never knew before.

"Chunder Singh," he whispered presently, "it comes to my mind to sing you the hymn which Krishna Pal composed to tell the drawing of his heart."

So through the silent night he sang with Christian cadence:—

"Oh thou, my soul, forget no more,
The Friend, who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But, oh my soul, forget Him not."

An Experiment in Practical Christian Unity

By C. E. LEMMON

OUR Church Federation died. Its last illness is dated from the election, November, 1916. The returns showed a landslide toward state wide prohibition, our city of twelve thousand people having given a majority of nearly five hundred to the dry cause. The Church Federation had been a big factor in winning the victory. However, in the reaction that followed the high-pressure campaign it began to languish and finally passed away to a peaceful and quiet end because it had nothing big left to do. Its remains, an old secretary's book containing the constitution and minutes, lie buried in some downtown vault.

Since the decease of our Federation four years ago the cooperation of our ten or more churches had been desultory and spasmodic. There had been a good deal of friendly rivalry and a little so called religious competition. Left entirely in the hands of the local Ministerial Association, cooperative Christian effort had gone into "innocuous desuetude."

It was several months ago that D. B. Marti, a real estate broker of this city, who is also president of the Hastings Rotary Club, and F. A. Watkins, editor of a local weekly paper, called the ministers into a downtown office, and suggested to them the importance of a larger program of interchurch cooperation, proposing a new organization for that purpose. The preachers were cold—very cold indeed. With almost brutal frankness they told these two enthusiastic laymen that they were accustomed to having people start organizations and then unload them onto the backs of the preachers either to "carry on" or to bury. And besides there was the old Church Federation that in its day had done a good work. What had happened to it? Dead, of course, and dead because of the neglect of the laymen.

"Now that is just the point," answered Mr. Marti in his quick incisive way, "our Church Federation was too mechanical and ecclesiastical. It was all right as long as there were dragons to kill but you can't always be killing dragons. We need to copy from the Rotary Clubs a little. Our interchurch cooperation must introduce the element of fellowship. It must be personal as well as ecclesiastical. Then when there are no more dragons to kill, it can enjoy and maintain its meetings on a basis of fun and fellowship and live on until the next big job presents itself."

There was nothing more that the pastors could say for it was evident that these men had an idea. Thereupon a council of two laymen from each church was called to

discuss ways and means. A constitution was drawn up and it was decided to call the new organization the Men's Interchurch Reserve of Hastings, Nebraska. This Reserve was to be formed on a basis of personal memberships and the charter membership to be limited to one hundred men, each church to have its proportionate quota. It was hoped that as interest grew the membership could be enlarged from time to time. No public announcement was to be made but the men were to be approached and personally solicited for membership and required to sign the following pledge.

PLEDGE OF
MEN'S INTERCHURCH RESERVE

Recognizing the supreme importance of the principles of Jesus Christ in the world and the strength of united effort among men of like-mindedness, I hereby renew my allegiance to Christ and His Church and hold myself in readiness to respond to every call for Christian service within my power, even though it may entail sacrifice of self and personal interests.

(Countersigned by Pastor)

_____ Signed _____

D. B. Marti, one of the originators of the idea and a member of the local Presbyterian church was elected president. A monthly dinner is held in one of the churches at which time every member of the Reserve is expected to be present or to have been previously excused. Three consecutive non-excused absences automatically suspend a member. The dinner is served by the ladies of the church acting as the host. The program begins with a roll call by the secretary, followed by singing of a lively nature, reports of committees, and perhaps an address, with much emphasis upon discussion and conference. The aim of the organization is to couple the conventional program of activities usually undertaken by a Church Federation to a happy and intimate fellowship of individual churchmen.

In its short history of less than a year considerable important work has been done. Several weeks ago the moving picture corporation presented a petition asking for a special election, looking to the opening of Sunday theatres. Immediately the Reserve of a hundred men was called in a special meeting. The president was chosen as the spokesman to present a remonstrance and make an argument to the City Council. Practically all of the hundred men went to the City Hall on the evening the matter was brought up. It was an impressive group of fine outstanding churchmen. The result was that the moving picture people lost their nerve and, for the time being at least, have quit. Enthusiastic, cooperative and organized laymen had won a victory almost without a fight.

The Interchurch Reserve is determined to have a positive as well as a negative program. They now have a committee working on an ordinance for the creation of a Department of Public Welfare, providing for a paid welfare superintendent, in our city government. Recently the Reserve initiated a move for a religious survey of the city and secured the cooperation of all the churches, both Protestant and Catholic, in the making of a religious census. The result is that every church office has a complete card index file of the names of all those in the community who have expressed a preference for that particular church.

It can be seen that this new organization, like the old Church Federation, is able to kill some dragons when it is necessary. But it can do more than that. It likewise furnishes a fellowship of laughter, song and labor. It ties men together individually as well as drawing the churches together ecclesiastically. Beside all this and more important still, it calls attention again to that oft repeated truth that all workers for unity must realize, namely, that the unity of the Household of God must be wrought out of a cooperative fellowship as well as an ecclesiastical combination.

Men's Interchurch Reserve of Hastings, Nebraska

An organization that promises to prove as valuable in the moral and religious life of the city as the Federal Reserve Banks are in the financial and commercial life of the nation.

Lost and Found—A Daddy

By G. M. ANDERSON

Family of the Christian Orphans' Home Assembled for Worship

I FOUND their names in the Beginners' class of the Sunday school—Mary and Martha Maitland, five and six years old, new to me and living in a part of the city people migrated from as income increased.

The house was in an alley. A knock on the door brought a sweet little "Come in." There they were; one in bed, the other playing on the floor.

"I'm sick," said the one in bed. "Look," opening her gown and showing the red rash on her breast.

"Where's Mother?" I asked.

"Workin'—at the factory."

"And Daddy?"

"Got no daddy. Daddy died before Martha was born."

"Never had a daddy," chirped Martha, busy with a few dilapidated playthings on the floor.

I took Martha on my lap and she nestled down and looked up into my face and said,

"Is a daddy jist like you?"

"Yes," I said, handing each a bit of candy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "You'll be our daddy, won't you? Mary's daddy, my daddy, Mamma's daddy, Kitty's daddy, all our daddies!"

"Yes," I assured her, "if you'll let me."

The kitten was on the bed playing with a bit of paper. Tiring of that it started chasing its tail in a laugh-provoking merry-go-round. There ought to be a kitten or a monkey for every sick room.

We were having the time of our lives when the door suddenly opened, a woman entered and stood for a moment abashed.

"I'm from the children's Sunday school," I said, rising to greet her.

Dainty of figure she was, with artistically chiseled face, a wealth of hair neatly arranged on a well-shaped head, there she stood not knowing what to say.

"I suppose you think I'm a queer mother," she stammered.

"I think you're a—a—" the word would not come, but I blundered through.

She threw off her coat and sat on the edge of the bed.

"How have you been today, dear?" she asked.

"All right, Mother. I didn't hurt anywhere but just for you."

"I've been thinking about you all day, dear, but you know Mother has to—"

"Yes, Mother, we know. And you love us, Mother, don't you?"

Martha climbed into her mother's lap. "Mother," she confided, "he's going to be our daddy—Mary's daddy, my daddy, your daddy, Kitty's daddy, all our daddies!"

Mother blushed and tried to stop the little lips, but the child slipped away and continued;

"He is, Mother; he is; he said so. Oh! won't it be nice! I'd like to have a daddy—a nice one like him. Why can't we have a daddy like Alice and Esther?"

I tried not to notice the mother's heaving breast. It was a laugh on her face. Was it a cry in her heart?

The kitten waking up from a nap in a pasteboard box on the edge of the bed began to stretch. The box lost its balance. Both cat and box fell to the floor, the box on top. The kitten scampered out of the room and Mrs. Maitland, torn between the humor and the pathos, followed it out.

When she returned she was calm. "Pardon me," she explained, "I didn't mean to be rude."

"Sit down here," I said, "I want to talk to you. I want to ask you how you do it. You work at the factory, you cook, you sew, you mend, you wash, sweep, clean. Where do you find hours enough? Where do you get your strength?"

"God gives it, I suppose," she answered modestly, her eyes on the floor.

"But she cries sometimes," interjected Martha.

"Hush!" cried Mother, clapping her hand over the tell-tale mouth.

Martha broke away still talking; "She does; she cried this morning when she went to work. And Mary put her head under the covers to keep from seeing her."

A strange look came into the mother's face. In that look I read the lines of agony.

Every day thereafter till Mary was well my wife and I went to the house, spending many happy hours trying to bring a little blessing to that humble home. It was during those days that I learned the heart of that brave mother, the pathetic secrets of that broken life. I learned, too, that there were days when Mother would be in bed all day and the little ones wait on her; that was when she would fold them in her arms and ask God to care for them when she could work no longer.

I told the children I knew of a nice Daddy they could have, Uncle Jimmie, by name; Uncle Jimmie had no daddy, no mamma, no little children of his own; they all went away to Heaven and left him to care for all little girls who have no daddy.

"Oh! you mean Santa Claus," they exclaimed; "we know him."

"He loves to help little children," I continued, ignoring their interpretation, "and travels all over the country looking for little children with no daddy and no mamma, and he tells them he'll be their daddy."

"Where does he get all the money?" they asked.

"Good people all over the United States give it to him because they know he's always loving and helping little children."

"He'll have to be Mamma's daddy, too," exclaimed Martha, "or we won't have him. We'll have you for our daddy."

"But he'll be a better daddy than I can be; he'll give you everything and Mother won't have to cry any more."

"He'll have to be Mother's daddy, too," they persisted; "we won't have him without Mother; we'll have you."

When Mother came in from work they began telling her about Uncle Jimmie, both talking at once and getting Uncle Jimmie and Santa Claus hopelessly mixed.

There was a troubled something on the face that looked straight into mine.

"I hope you have not been suggesting foolish things to them," she said; "You know such things are impossibilities. Sympathy must not get the better of judgment. Motherhood will die first."

"The Lord bless your mother heart," I said, as I bowed in the presence of the greatest thing in the world. I felt like taking the shoes off my feet while standing in that holy place.

One day Mary came to my house crying and said Mother was sick, that she had been in bed all day and had not eaten anything.

Hurrying there I found Martha in bed with her, patting her cheek and saying, "Wake up, Mother, supper's ready."

Turning to me as I approached the bed, Martha said, "Poor Mamma's tired, and she must be hungry, and she's cold."

I sat down on a straight-backed chair—there was no rocker—took Mary on one knee and Martha on the other and said, "Mother's very tired, let her sleep, she'll be better in the morning," and with their arms about my neck I prayed a broken prayer.

"Your face is wet," said Martha, stroking my cheek, and I could say no more.

"Come, children," I said, "you'll stay at my house tonight. I'll come back and care for Mother, and I'm sure she'll be very happy, and she'll have a Daddy who will be good to her."

One day when the funeral was over I took the children on my knee again and told them that I had told Uncle Jimmie all about them, and that some day he would come to be their daddy and would love them dearly.

"We want you for our daddy," they cried.

"I'll be your daddy, too," I assured them. "I'll help Uncle Jimmie to love you and care for you. So you'll have two daddies."

Why I am A Tither

W. A. Fite, Minister Ivanhoe Park Christian Church, Kansas City, Missouri.

I have five secondary reasons and one primary reason for tithing.

SECONDARY REASONS

1. I am a tither because I believe in proportionate and systematic giving. Such an important matter as meeting one's financial obligations to God should not be left to impulse, chance, caprice or whim. It should be done systematically and according to a definite proportion. I do not believe in giving by spasm but by system, not from aroused emotion, but according to a divine proportion, not as matter of extortion but in the conviction of God's ownership and my stewardship. "All things should be done decently and in order," especially giving. But spasmodic, spontaneous, unsystematic, impulsive, disproportionate giving, spells disorder in one of the greatest of Christian responsibilities.

2. I am a tither because the tithe is the acknowledgment of the divine ownership. God owns all, man only possesses. Possession is indebtedness. When I possess another man's money I owe it and am willing to pay him interest for its use. God owns all, man owes all. I am willing therefore to pay Him 10% interest and surrender the principal whenever He says, "Give an account of thy stewardship for thou canst be no longer steward." It will not do to say, "All things are God's," and then act as Louis XI of France who is said to have donated the whole country of Boulogne to the Virgin Mary but reserved the revenue therefrom for himself. It is said that only 5% of what a man makes is due to his own efforts. The other 95% is a contribution of God and society. Even the 5% comes from God. "For it is God who giveth us power to get wealth." Then surely 10% is small enough interest.

3. I am a tither because I believe that if every Christian would practice it, it would solve all the church's financial problems. A preacher should be able to say, "Do as I do, not do as I say." The financial problem is about the gravest problem which the church locally and at large faces. Tithing would solve it.

4. I am a tither because I believe heartily in the plea of the Disciples of Christ, and I would like to see it carried to the ends of the earth. But it takes money to pay the laborers. For many years I have felt that the one great mistake made by the fathers of our restoration was their failure to preach scriptural stewardship along with the plan of salvation and their plea for union. If both had been promulgated together the achievements would have been far greater. A revival of stewardship among the Disciples is over due.

5. I am a tither because I believe it is one of the greatest means of character building, provided it is practiced not in the spirit of the Pharisee but in the spirit of philanthropy, not in the spirit of legalism but of love. It is still true that "the liberal soul shall be made fat." Soul fatness is very becoming. Soul leanness is very unbecoming. Currency bears a definite relationship to character, and tithing makes covetousness impossible.

PRIMARY REASON

My primary reason for tithing is that the Bible teaches it. That book is "My rule of faith and practice." When God's Word tells me to do a thing that settles it for me. The Old Testament is illustrative, the New Testament is authoritative. What is written in the Old is for our "example." What is written in the New is for our obedience. When I find the New Testament confirming and never abrogating this principle of giving, my firm conviction is that it is the will of God for Christians. Jesus had good opportunity to set it aside. Instead of saying, "Ye ought not to tithe. It's an old law, obsolete, passing away," He said, "Ye ought," Matt. 23:23. Luke 11:42. He endorsed the principle of this divine proportion, but condemned the spirit in which it was done. *Love fulfills, but does not break the law. Liberality based on love may give more than the tenth but it ought not to give less.* Paul says that the "Lord ordained" that as Judaism was supported by tithes so the church should be, 1 Cor. 9:13, 14. Hebrews teaches that as Abraham gave tithes to Melchizedek even so should Christians give tithes to Christ of whom Melchizedek was the type. Some New Testament Christians exceeded the tithe and so ought some 20th century Christians.

What a Kansas City Church is Doing With Five Hundred Tithers

The First Baptist Church in this city on one Sunday in May, 1920, enrolled 500 of its members as tithers. A month later subscriptions were taken to meet its quota of $200,000 in the Baptist World Movement for missions, on a five year basis. The total realized was $211,000. Payments have been made weekly with such regularity and fullness that $21,000 has been remitted to the Church boards on the year's pledge of twice that amount. Eight years ago this church had a budget of $12,000 for local expense and $4,000 for missions. The total budget this year for both local support and missions is $85,000. The pastor says. "Do you ask how this was brought about?" "Through tithers."

The Way Out

WHAT is the way out of campaigns, drives, financial movements for the Disciples of Christ? We have discussed from many angles the collapse of the Interchurch campaign. The real tragedy of the Interchurch World Movement was *that it was ever necessary to organize it at all.* The fact that all the boards had insufficient income to carry on their work seemed to make it necessary for them to enter a campaign for enlargement, and the fact that practically all the boards and colleges of Protestantism entered the Interchurch campaign indicates that their constituencies were not giving them sufficient amounts to carry on and enlarge the work. *This is a constitutional ailment in American Protestantism.* Protestantism seems to have lived on the theory that a *campaign* or a *drive* will cure all of its ills. If the collapse of the Interchurch Movement teaches us *the utter fallacy of such a theory,* its cost may have been worth while. There is only one way to keep out of that and similar movements, and that is for the whole church to establish itself upon the tithing basis or at least "the near tithe."

The Churches of Christ started out to raise $12,000,000 in a single year for their missionary, benevolent and educational work. We all thought that that was a big undertaking, yet if a million and a quarter of our members had been tithing regularly they would have given at least $10,000,000 to the local expenses of the various churches and an additional $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 in a single year for "others" or work outside of the local church.

Campaigns and drives will never solve the problem. The church must develop a regular, normal, systematic method of giving its money, week by week and month by month. Many churches are putting on stewardship and tithing campaigns this fall and winter. It is to be hoped that in every church the call will be made for tithing stewards who will dedicate from this time, to the end of their lives, a definite portion of their income for the enterprises of the Kingdom of God.

Here's the Way It Would Work

THE AVERAGE CHURCH

Membership 500, Families 130, Incomes 130

50 incomes, average $ 50 a month	$2,500
15 incomes, average $ 70 a month	1,050
15 incomes, average $100 a month	1,500
20 incomes, average $120 a month	2,400
10 incomes, average $150 a month	1,500
10 incomes, average $175 a month	1,750
10 incomes, average $200 a month	2,000
130 total incomes.	Total, $12,700

Monthly tithe $1,270. Or calculated on the minimum basis of $300, or $25 a month: 500 members, average income $25, total $12,500 a month. Tithe $1,250 per month. This would make in the first case the annual tithe $15,240, and in the second case $15,000.

Two fine tracts on this subject are available. They are entitled, "How to Inaugurate the Tithing System in the Local Church" and "Our Account With God." They are both written by Bert Wilson and may be obtained in quantities, free of charge, by addressing the United Christian Missionary Society, 1501 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Faith Justified at Highland Park, Chattanooga

By J. H. DALBEY

A Church that was Built by Faith, Chattanooga, Tennessee

ABOUT a year ago, in February, 1920, to be exact, the members of the congregation of the Highland Park Christian Church, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, decided that we were neither doing justice to our children nor to the community nor serving our Lord in an acceptable manner by continuing to worship in the old frame church that had served us for so many years. We must have a new building, but how to get it was another question. There was no wealth in the congregation and new churches cost money. About the time desire was crystallizing into determination to secure, we were favored with a visit from G. W. Muckley. After his Sunday morning sermon Mr. Muckley decided to see how badly we wanted a new church. He called for subscriptions to the building fund. In about twenty minutes something like $6,000 was pledged. Fortunately for us, Mr. Muckley had to leave early to catch a train; otherwise we probably would have been taking off our clothes and throwing them into the building fund.

Shortly after this meeting, a building committee composed of D. W. Reynolds, Edward Schaefer, M. L. Acuff, H. M. Hale and J. H. Dalbey, was appointed, to which committee the names of W. L. Pollard and J. R. Billingsley were later added. It was decided that, by some altering and remodeling, the old auditorium could be made to serve our needs for a great many years. The crying need was for Sunday school equipment. Architect W. H. Sears was engaged, his plans approved and construction begun under the supervision of H. B. Springer.

Here we met our first obstacle: While we had about $6,000 in gilt-edged pledges, those pledges were payable within one year, and it required cash to meet pay rolls. The committee sent out an S. O. S., and the brethren responded by joining in groups of three to borrow the money and pay up their pledges in full. With this money as a nest egg, the work proceeded. The committee divided itself into three divisions, one assuming the responsibility of finance, another of purchasing and the third of construction. All three divisions worked together faithfully and harmoniously, with the result that not once did we default on a pay roll nor was the work delayed at any time by failure to have material on the ground.

On September 8, the corner stone of the new building was laid by the Ridgedale Lodge of Masons, before one of the largest crowds ever gathered in Highland Park to attend a church function, and by November 1, although not entirely completed, the building was ready for dedication. Our rabbit foot was still functioning and through a fortunate cancellation of dates, we were able to secure the services of George L. Snively. We had a lot of money to raise. Some of us were despondent. Mr. Snively approached dedication day with quiet confidence and faith. When the smoke cleared away, the building committee found itself in possession of $28,000 in perfectly good three-year pledge notes, sufficient not only to provide for all immediate indebtedness, but also to provide a sinking fund to take care of our loan from the Church Erection Department of the United Society.

Such, briefly, is the story of the church that was built by faith. Instead of a small, unsightly, uncomfortable, frame church, today we have a beautiful structure, of frame, steel and stucco construction, commodious, comfortable and also unique in modern church construction. Entrance to the main auditorium is on the front. A side entrance on Beech street leads to a large basement assembly room, well lighted and ventilated, and connected with a fully equipped kitchen. When used as a banquet room, 300 people can easily be seated at one time. On the ground floor of the new section are commodious parlors, secretary's office, mothers' room, coat closet and toilets, not to mention five well lighted, well ventilated Sunday school class rooms; while on the second floor are pastor's study and nine additional class rooms, one of which, an extra large room, has been set aside for the use of a fast-growing men's class. Throughout the entire construction period perfect harmony has prevailed, not only among ourselves, but between our own congregation and that of the First Church. Although burdened with their own building project, that congregation has given us not only its sympathy but financial assistance as well.

Under the leadership of Holly M. Hale, the Highland Park Christian Church is tak-

ing its place among the churches that do things. While we are proud of our building and happy in the possession of it, we hope we are unselfish in our happiness and that our greatest joy may be derived from being able to do more and greater things in the Master's service.

This story would be incomplete without mention of the noble self-sacrifice of our women. It has been said that the men build churches but the women pay for them. Certainly our building committee has several times found it necessary to call on our women for help, and not once did they fail to respond. In our community a large manufacturing plant was built this year. As a means of raising money with which to pay their pledge, our women operated a refreshment stand, near the work, taking regular turns at serving. This was no easy task. It meant neglect of household duties, oftentimes the cancellation of social engagements and much hard work, but these women, the salt of the earth, never wavered nor faltered and to their fidelity and cooperation much credit is due for the happy realization of our dream.

Bible Teachers Training School For Women, Nanking, China

By EDNA P. DALE

THE Bible Teachers Training School for Women has just closed its eighth year of work. The enrollment was thirty-eight and lacked only one of having doubled during the last two years. The personnel of the students this year has been exceptionally fine, many of them young women who have been teaching in primary schools for some years and have come to us for further study and preparation for definite Christian work. A class of nine young women graduated in June, six of them from the Senior course (to which only graduates of high schools or colleges are admitted) and three of them from the Junior course.

Our own Mission had two members in the class this year. One, Miss Djang Li Djuin, is a graduate of our Christian girls' school in this city. She expects to take a position there this coming fall as Bible teacher. She is the daughter of our evangelist at Pukeo and a bright, attractive young woman. Mrs. Hwang, the other one, graduated from our women's school at South Gate, Nanking. Although she is fifty-one years old and had been a Christian only three years when she entered here, she did her work with credit. She has had a Chinese education and was employed as a teacher in one of our mission day schools in an outstation before she became a Christian. Mrs. Hwang's future work is not yet determined. She is greatly needed in several places. It rejoices our hearts to have these two earnest, trained women to send out into active service. The women's work in every station of the China Christian mission has no other need to compare with the need for trained, Spirit-filled Chinese leaders.

A few days before the close of school a Senior girl said to one of the teachers, "In the school from which I came the girls formed into cliques and those in one set had little to do with those in another set. The first year I was in the Bible school I was impressed with the lovely way the girls here treat one another. I thought it was merely politeness, but I have learned that it isn't politeness; it is the love of Christ in their hearts which makes them really love one another."

It would be hard to find students anywhere who work more diligently and more truly appreciate their privileges of study. Occasionally one comes who has the idea that Bible study is easy but she is soon disillusioned, for the work given requires one's best effort.

Each student is expected to take two practical work appointments a week, such as leading women's meetings, teaching Bible classes, conducting children's services, doing personal work, visiting in homes, working with the women and girl patients in the two mission hospitals in the city, teaching women to read, conducting Sunday schools and Teacher Training classes. This work is done in connection with the regular missions in the city. In some places they practically have full charge of the work committed to them.

Come with me on my rounds of visitation as supervisor of this practice work and see for yourselves some of the things which are going on.

Here is a little chapel and day school on Ban Bien Ying street, down in the very heart of the city. Almost any Thursday you drop in you will find about a dozen women and from eighteen to twenty-five children gathered for an afternoon's study and worship. One of our two girls is teaching the children a Bible story, a memory verse and a hymn. At the same time, in another corner of the small room, the other girl has the women by themselves. She gives out a little sheet with something very simple printed in large characters on it, such as the following—

I pray Jesus to save me
Be my mediator
Forgive my sin

or,

There is but one God
He is my heavenly Father
He gives me food
He gives me clothes
He ever pities me

The women who have a start and are able to do so help to teach this to the very beginners. Then after a little time the beginners are left to study and the teacher gives something to those more advanced.

Last May when Home Sunday was observed eight of these women promised to try to establish family prayers in their homes. Some of them, who cannot read and have no one in their homes who can (or will) do it, meet at this little chapel to hear the Scripture read and to pray together.

Here is the Presbyterian Hubeh Giai Church, one of the largest and best organized churches in the city. This year the missionaries are home on sick leave and four of the students from the Bible school have had most of the responsibility for the women's and children's work. It is the week of Evangelism for China (first week of the Chinese New Year) and the daily preaching services—one for women and one for children—are entirely in the hands of the student helpers. Mrs. M——— is present at the service we visit. Mrs. M———is the wife of the substitute missionary, a mother of a family of little folks who require most of her time, so she has not been able to get much of the lan-

A Part of the Old Chinese Wall

A type of defense that will forever pass away when men heed and practice the teachings of Jesus Christ.

guage and attempts little work with the Chinese. This is her parting word to us, "These girls have been doing such fine work these days. I told my husband yesterday that when I see how well these young women do I feel that the time has come when we missionaries should concentrate our effort on training the Chinese for leadership. They can do this evangelistic work so much better than we foreigners."

Now let us have a peep at one of the afternoon Sunday schools for neighborhood children of which our girls have entire charge. Talk about rag-a-muffins! Here they are, poor little dirty, neglected, half clothed children, almost all of them from illiterate heathen homes. Yet for those who have eyes to see beneath the unattractive exterior there is much that is bright and lovable. Do you see that blind boy? There is no one in his class who listens more attentively or who can stand up before the whole school after the lesson and "tell the story" so well. His regular attendance and interest led us to feel that the little lad was good material and worthy of a chance in life. So we began to inquire. We found the family very poor but respectable, the mother a widow with two boys. When we suggested sending the little fellow to a school for the blind, the child himself was delighted and the fears of the others were soon overcome. He has just finished his first term and the superintendent of the school has written, "He, with the others in his class, has worked very hard and has finished the year's work in four months as they are somewhat older than the average when they enter." He is home now for his summer vacation.

The Bible Teachers Training School for Women is a graduate school and one of the pioneers in higher education for women in China. It is seeking out from the best the Chinese church has, those into whose hearts God has put the desire to consecrate themselves to the great task of evangelization and Bible teaching. In this work we are seeking to follow the example of Him who "chose the twelve that they might be with Him and that He might send them forth." "In the intercessory prayer He speaks of the training He had given these men as if it had been the principal part of His earthly ministry. The careful, painstaking education of the disciples made it possible that the Teacher's influence on the world should be permanent; that His kingdom should be founded on the rock of deep and indestructible convictions in the minds of the few, and not in the shifting sands of superficial evanescent impressions on the minds of the many."

July, 1920.

Graduating Nurses at Kansas City

EVERY day is a busy day in the Christian Church Hospital at Kansas City, Missouri. Its wards, rooms and beds are always full of patients seeking relief from pain and in quest of health, with a host of doctors and white robed nurses flitting about among them, the incarnation of the spirit of mercy and of service. Of all the busy days in the life of the hospital none was more active than October 31, 1920. It was the occasion of the graduation of the third and largest class of trained young women that has ever gone out from the Nurses' Training School.

In the forenoon the whole student body, some sixty in number, with eighteen members of the staff of the hospital and of the faculty of the school, with half a dozen members of the board of directors, assembled on the front steps for a picture, with the graduating class, twelve in number, as the center and heart of the group.

The Commencement exercises were held in the beautiful auditorium of the Central (formerly Wabash Avenue) Christian Church. A large company of friends and members of the church filled the auditorium. J. W. Perry, president of the Southwestern National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, presided. In his opening remarks he paid high tribute to the loyalty and devotion of the members of this class. He congratulated the Church of Christ upon her contribution through these young women to suffering humanity. The class was presented by Miss Charlotte D. Forrester, superintendent of nurses, and Miss Anabel Murphy awarded the class pins. Mrs. Asa Hurd, president of the Woman's Council of the Christian Churches of Kansas City, representing about two thousand women, delivered an address on "The Hospital in Relation to the Church." She made a strong appeal to the churches to minister to the Christ by ministering to men through the hospital: "I was sick and ye visited me." Dr. Jabez Jackson, head of the staff of the hospital, congratulated the public at large upon the professional skill and ability of the members of this class. He spoke warmly of the high degree of efficiency which they had attained in their profession.

James Ernest Wolfe, minister of the Christian Church of Independence, Missouri, delivered the baccalaureate sermon on the theme "A Lady with a Lamp." His text was "I show you a more excellent way." He paid a glowing tribute to the profession of the Christian trained nurse, and made a strong plea for more "rational love" and the Christianization of scientific service. To those who were able to visualize the work of these young women in the world filled with suffering humanity, it was an occasion to inspire those who hope for a day in which the strong will bear the burdens of the weak.

"Blessed is He that Considereth the Sick"

Leadership Training Schools

By J. S. MILL

THE commercial, the educational and the religious world are facing the problem of competent leadership as never before in the history of the world. One great business man recently made the statement that there were more $10,000 per year jobs than there were $10,000 per year men to fill them. One of the great rubber tire companies of Akron, Ohio, has invested two and a half million dollars in an educational plant and is spending one million dollars a year to train its employees for leadership, knowing that it could never hope to realize its future ten year program of enlarged business unless it could be assured of competent leaders.

The educational world is endeavoring to meet the demand for trained leaders by the maintenance of state normal schools and state universities.

This brings us the question of what the church is doing to train leaders for this present demand for expert leadership. The religious leaders of today, realizing that the church must be a vital, efficient force, especially in these reconstruction times, have evolved a plan for producing leaders, known as Leadership Training Schools, which can be taken advantage of by all conscientious, ambitious teachers and officers of the church, especially those who because of circumstances, did not, or do not have the privilege of a regular college course.

These Leadership Training Schools are held in carefully selected places in the United States and Canada, and are conducted by a faculty of specialists who give a week of intensive training along lines of church activity. The value of these schools to those who have the task of training the coming generation for a life of service cannot be over estimated. This fact was forcibly impressed upon the writer recently on a visit to one of our fine Bible schools, when the minister made this remark: "We have a large school, with a fine spirit, but we have not the building nor the staff to do efficient teaching, therefore we lose a number of our boys and girls after fifteen years of age."

Leaders are not born, they are developed. The church needs leaders, therefore we must develop them.

By maintaining a staff of efficient workers to carry on this work, the Department of Religious Education has outlined a program which meets the need for trained leaders for the present task of the church. At present, this staff consists of thirty-five field workers who are giving all their available time to this task. In addition to a general knowledge of the work, these workers have specialized along certain lines, so that they are not only capable of helping the schools of their own particular region in a general and practical way, but are also fitted to conduct classes along special lines in a training school whenever they are called upon for this type of work.

In addition to the staff of field workers, the Department directs a staff of national workers of extraordinary ability who are known by reputation at least, from coast to coast. These workers, Miss Cynthia Pearl Maus, Miss Hazel A. Lewis, Miss Florence Carmichael, Miss Ida May Irvin and Mr. Charles Darsie, have demonstrated in such a practical and undeniable way the help to be derived from a school conducted by them that calls for their services have come from every state in the Union and from every province of Canada. The demands have become so insistent that other workers have been enlisted for the winter and spring seasons.

Miss Maus, lecturer, author and teacher, is unsurpassed in her department as superintendent of the Young People's Division. Her latest book, "Youth and the Church" is receiving the recognition which it merits and occupies a prominent place in the best Bible school literature of the present day.

Miss Lewis, superintendent of the Elementary Division, is recognized by the interdenominational world as one of the most expert leaders in this particular Department. Her graded lessons for the Junior Department are attracting unusual attention.

Miss Florence Carmichael, who is more recently connected with the work, hence not so well known nationally, is much beloved as an efficient worker in the Children's Division.

Miss Irvin, heretofore better known as author, editor and religious education director in a local church, will in the future devote some time to the field work of the Religious Education Department.

Mr. Charles Darsie, having served many years as a pastor, and in the late war as a Y. M. C. A. over-seas worker, has demonstrated in a practical way his ability to care for the adult work, and is rendering a service to the brotherhood which has a growing appreciation.

The present type of Leadership School consists of a five day course, in which are given seventy lectures. Many of the lectures are given simultaneously, therefore it is possible for a student to take only thirty lectures of the entire course. Should a Bible school desire to receive the full benefit of the instruction of the entire course it would be necessary for it to send at least three students in order that the full seventy lectures might be taken.

The courses of instruction are as follows:—

Bible school organization. A series of lectures on the work of the superintendent, secretary and other officers of the school; also the keeping of records, school programs and general instruction on how to conduct a school.

Teacher training. Several phases of this work are dealt with:

(1)—THE PUPIL. A course of study on child life; its activities, will power, habits and moral development. How can we teach the child unless we understand him?

(2)—THE TEACHER. These lectures deal with the aim, the plan and the method of teaching; how to tell a story and conduct a review; the art of questioning and, further, how to make the lesson apply to the life of the pupil.

(3)—THE LIFE OF CHRIST. This series is an endeavor to show how to present the personality of Jesus and the charm of his life in such a manner that little children, juniors, intermediates, young people and adults will be drawn to Him.

(4)—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE. This phase of the work of the church is now occupying a prominent place in our Leadership school curriculum. Who can estimate the result of such a course of instruction?

Missions: A study of the community, the nation and the world from the standpoint of the church and its obligation to carry the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.

At the close of each day, three lectures are given simultaneously on divisional specialization. This gives each student an opportunity to receive expert instruction in the particular phase of the work in which he or she may be interested or actively engaged.

The above facts are conclusive evidence that the church, through its Religious Education Department, is making a mighty effort to do its part towards producing leaders in the present emergency of world upheaval. They also assure the religious world of leaders for the coming generations.

Schools are being held in January in the three great western provinces of Canada among our faithful brethren, in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Saskatoon and Yellow Grass, Saskatchewan, Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta. Another team is in the sunny southland at Nashville and Chattanooga, Tennessee. Following these will come in quick succession:—

January 31-February 4, Spokane, Washington
February 7-11, Portland, Oregon
February 7-11, Pensacola, Florida
February 14-18, San Francisco, California
February 21-28, Long Beach, California
February 28-March 4, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
March 14-18, Warren, Ohio
March 21-25, Plymouth, Pennsylvania
March 28-April 1, Johnstown, Pennsylvania
April 4-8, Hagerstown, Maryland
April 11-15, Wilson, North Carolina
April 25-29, Aurora, Missouri

Other schools are being arranged, and a series of young people's conferences for the summer will be announced later.

No teacher or Bible school worker can afford to miss attending one of these schools as the opportunity offers. As we have been taught in the days gone by, let us prepare ourselves to hand on these good things to the younger generation.

New Equipment at Columbus, Kansas

THE First Christian Church of Columbus was organized in 1871 and for ten years meetings were held successively in the school building, the Baptist Chapel, the Opera House and the Court House. In 1880 a neat frame building was erected on the present site. The total membership at that time was thirty-five. R. A. Long, of Kansas City, was at that time an active and untiring worker in the church.

To meet the needs of an increasing membership a brick building was erected in 1912 costing $25,000. This was destroyed by fire February 25, 1919, and immediate steps were taken to rebuild. The members of the congregation rallied splendidly to the cause and donated generously to the proposed new church home.

However, in the ordinary town of 4,000 population where the financial ability of the people is limited, pledges of any considerable amount to any cause must be made so as to extend over a considerable length of time.

So it happened that at the time of the dedication of the church, August 8, this year, there was an indebtedness of $15,000 against the church. It was necessary that $5,000 of this outstanding obligation be paid immediately.

The pastor called at the Board of Church Extension office in Kansas City and laid the needs of the church before the Board. In less than ten days the loan had been granted.

To the Board of Church Extension, which materially assisted us in the meeting of our financial obligation in our dire time of need, we feel is due a great part of the praise for the good work that has been accomplished by the church in the past four months.

Our new church home, with its large seating capacity and its commodious class rooms, has enabled us to enlarge our scope of work, so that the church is rapidly becoming a community center with a steadily increasing membership. At the present time residents of seven other towns are numbered among our congregation.

August 8 when we dedicated our church we had a total of eighteen additions; six were by primary obedience.

Our new church has made it possible to offer our Bible school larger quarters and has thereby enabled us to increase our membership. On Children's Day there were over four hundred in attendance and $52.50 was offered in the collection.

Since the dedication of our church, by primary obedience and otherwise we have added thirty-two persons to our membership.

November 26 to 28 our young people attended the Christian Endeavor District Convention at Chanute, Kansas. They received second place in the contest for efficiency with a rating of 97 per cent and captured the Silver Loving Cup of the district, offered on miles traveled and attendance at the various meetings.

The church is open seven days in the week and according to plans that are now being made gymnasium equipment for the basement will be secured in the near future. The old church home was equipped with a good gymnasium and it was used every night by the young people of the church.

We feel that the work of the past year has excelled that of all others and hope to be able to place in the hands of the Board of Church Extension our share as a missionary offering to help promote this wonderful work in helping house homeless congregations from wherever the call may come.

EMMANUEL JONES.

Church Extention Board a Friend in Need

ABOUT two years ago the writer was instructed by "The Summit County Disciples Union" to go to Kenmore and organize a church and Sunday school and build a good commodious house of worship.

Kenmore is a residential suburb of Akron with a population of twelve thousand. The Disciples at this time had taken no steps toward an organization. Times were abnormal and building prices prohibitive, with both labor and material very difficult to secure at any price.

The church and Sunday school were soon organized and meetings started in a rented building. A canvass for funds seemed to justify beginning the erection of the building. When success seemed to be in sight the slump in business hit Akron and the money market tightened until banks turned down all loans except to old customers who were carrying business enterprises through the period of depression.

At this time the Church Extension Board came to the rescue of the Kenmore people, and promised twenty thousand dollars when the building is complete and all bills paid down to that amount.

George L. Snively, the prince of church dedicators, was secured and Sunday, November 21, was set as the date for the struggle.

The building is a complete Sunday school unit, so erected that an auditorium can be added later. It is a solid brick structure and contains all the equipment necessary for many years. The basement is ten feet in the clear with a large, light dining room seating two hundred people, also used for the primary department, a kitchen, complete toilets and a modern heating and ventilating system with an electric motor and fan installed by the Hammond Heating and Ventilating Company of Cincinnati.

The main floor has an auditorium with balcony and sixteen large class rooms opening into the audience room. Thus reinforced it seats six hundred people. Two

C. J. Tannar, Akron, Ohio

large parlors seating one hundred each are used for adult classes and midweek services. A fine pastor's study and a nursery are on the first and second floors.

This property complete with all furnishings cost in the neighborhood of fifty-five thousand dollars and is pronounced a bargain. It was erected by C. C. Hursh, a first class contractor, who built it at cost and four per cent commission and then gave us three thousand, five hundred dollars in cash. Mr. Hursh is the Sunday school superintendent. The Kenmore Lumber Company, composed of N. R. Walker and son, Charles Walker, gave us all our lumber at wholesale prices and a cash donation of seven thousand dollars.

L. N. D. Wells and the board of officers of the great High Street Church of Akron adjourned their morning service and came out in a body. Our other churches came in the afternoon or adjourned at night. We needed $30,000 to pay all bills. We raised $44,000, and so closed a great day.

It would be impossible to personally name all the people from Kenmore, Barberton, Stow, Hiram, Cleveland and Akron who gave most liberally and joyfully even to the limit of ability. The members of High Street deserve special credit for the way in which they have backed up this enterprise. A. R. Teachout wired a gift of one thousand dollars from his winter home in California.

A few churches hesitate to call George L. Snively for fear his price will be beyond their reach. It might be well to say that his charges are a mere bagatelle compared with the service he renders.

The First Christian Church of Kenmore now has the best church building in the place, a membership of 250 and a Sunday school with an attendance of about 300.

Perhaps this may briefly express our thanks to the Church Extension Board and help to embolden other congregations to go forward with long talked of but delayed building enterprises.

Akron, O. C. J. TANNAR.

A Japanese View of Education and Missions

THANKS to Mrs. Garst I have the great honor to receive WORLD CALL. The January number came to me yesterday. When I looked at the contents, a subject, "Education and Missions," attracted my attention so much that I read the article first of all. O how I was excited to read it! As I read it I said to my wife again and again, "O the writer of this article says just exactly what I myself want to say!"

"Education and Missions—they are equal in importance. The problem of the world's redemption will never be solved without either." Yes, indeed, both of them should go side by side and hand in hand. Neither of the two should be made light of. Paul, a great Apostle and scholar, instructed Timothy to "handle aright the word of truth lest he should be ashamed of himself as God's workman." Could this instruction of Paul for Timothy not be at once the best one for us all today? Yes, and no better instruction can be found in the Bible.

Then how can we "handle aright the word of truth?" It is needless to say that the preacher should be educated as thoroughly as possible for that purpose. "Before the preacher can teach most effectively he must be trained." Thorough education of the preacher must be the foundation upon which missionary work is built.

Then what about the educational department of our Mission in Japan? In a word, it is not perfect. It must be enlarged in many respects. Especially should the number of years of instruction in our Bible College be extended. When I graduated from our Bible College I was located here in Tsuruoka, where there is a Middle school and a Girls' school. A Technical school is to be started in April. The principals of these schools are graduates of the university, and so are most of the teachers. I go to see them very often. The preacher must "handle aright the word of truth" to those highly educated people, while he himself is comparatively poorly educated. I feel, therefore, that the preacher should be educated more thoroughly than they, not in order to display his great learning to them, but in order to win them by handling aright the word of truth. I do hope that the United Christian Missionary Society will have the preacher go to America to be trained.

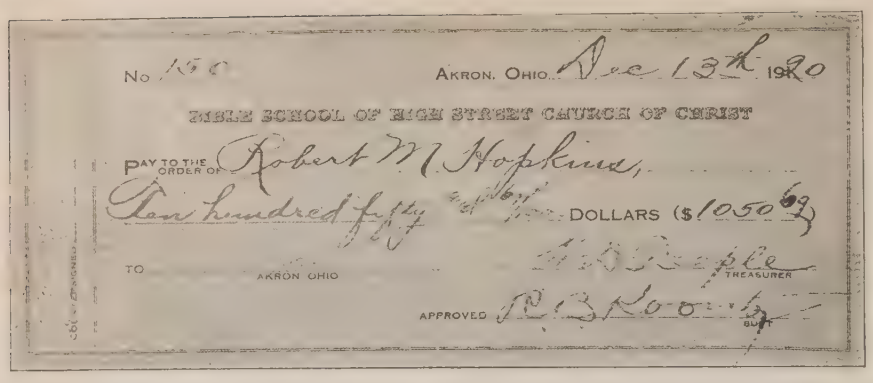
Then we need in Japan a big college with various departments. "To try to build great churches without great colleges is to walk in a fool's paradise." These words are true also in this country of the Far East. It is man that builds churches and it is education that makes man.

May God our Father bless all lands and Christianize all peoples!

Y. SHIONOYA.

Where the Nickel is Still Good

Harold E. Dickens, pastor of one of the Rochester, New York, churches writes: Unlike the small boy who left his nickel on the druggist's counter in disgust because it would not buy anything, Columbia Avenue Church of Rochester, New York, has found a use for the nickel. Printed in an inconspicuous corner of an Easter Program, 1920, a member noticed the statement that if one wanted to do more for the children, information would be furnished upon application to headquarters. Correspondence resulted in the church becoming responsible for the care of James Moffet in the Cleveland Christian Home. The money is being raised by voluntary pledges of five cents a week. The people have entered enthusiastically into the work, and the required amount has been forwarded regularly for the past six months. Recently a member returning from her vacation passed through Cleveland and stopped to call on James Moffet and the Christian Home, bringing a report to the people of the church who had been so desirous to know more of their young charge. The attendance the day the picture was taken was 176. A little over a hundred appear in the picture. The member who suggested the support of the child and who visited him in Cleveland is the leader of the Women's Class.


No. 150 AKRON, OHIO. Dec 13th 1920

BIBLE SCHOOL OF HIGH STREET CHURCH OF CHRIST

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Robert M Hopkins,

Ten hundred fifty and 62/100 DOLLARS ($1050.62)

TO AKRON OHIO

TREASURER

APPROVED

This check is the largest offering ever made to American Missions by a single Bible School. This honor goes to High Street, Akron, Ohio, as its response to the FIRST CALL of the United Christian Missionary Society.

The Eclipse and an Evil Spirit

October 27, 1920.

TONIGHT there is a total eclipse of the moon. It is in process now and will be complete in about fifteen minutes. As I write such pandemonium is reigning in the city that I think the sound must surely be audible in America. The uneducated masses of people think that the spectacle which they are witnessing is the devouring of their precious Queen of the Night by a wicked monster. So they are firing crackers, beating drums and pans, shouting, ringing gongs, in every conceivable way making such an uproar that it must certainly frighten away the demon. I do not doubt that they will, for several of them have told me that they have succeeded many times before now. So I confidently expect that in an hour or two the evil spirit will depart and leave the moon in its unmitigated beauty. No wonder they cling to their superstitious practices, when they have such ocular demonstration of the efficacy of them!

Sometimes, when we reflect on the revolutions that have swept over the Celestial realm in the last decade; of the flood of western ideas that have invaded the country during and since the Great War; the heartening advances that all our Christian agencies have made; we are apt to jump to the conclusion that all of the old China, for better or for worse, has gone, or is going. But then one hour, one brief hour like this, can serve to impress upon us anew the realization of the tremendous weight of conservatism which is crushing down on the people, with the inborn traditions and practice of millenniums to give it stability. All the reforms that have swept over China are but a ripple on the surface of the great ocean, and the impression that Christianity has made, speaking relatively, is but a few drops in that same ocean. It will be a long, hard struggle yet before China will be dominantly Christian. But that time will—shall—must come, as surely as this shadow shall pass away from the moon tonight.

EDWIN MARX.

These All Died in the Faith

Mrs. Isabel McKissick, July 26, 1920, Hazelwood, Pennsylvania, age 71.

Mrs. Sarah Burgess, November 14, 1920, Cowan, Indiana, age 83.

Mrs. Julia McCrory, about December 1, 1920, Wood County, Ohio. A charter member of the Mungen Church and active in all departments.

Mrs. Ida Elliott, November 21, 1920, Metropolis, Illinois.

Mrs. J. W. Dry, December 6, 1920, Mexico, Missouri.

Mrs. Mahala E. Hardman, December 1, 1920, Orleans, Indiana, age 78 years.

George Thomas Smith, December 19, 1920, Urbana, Illinois. Served ten years in Japan as one of our pioneer missionaries under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. His daughter, Mrs. L. F. Jaggard, (Wilhelma Smith) is a missionary in Africa under the United Christian Missionary Society.

Mrs. Sarah Schwartz, November 4, 1920, Carbondale, Illinois, age 91 years.

Our Missionaries in Africa in Convention.

Front row, left to right: Mr. Hedges, Charles Hedges, Jr., Mrs. Hedges, Mrs. Hobgood, Robert Hobgood, Mrs. Pearson with Mary, Mrs. Smith with Mary Lulu; Second row: Mrs. Johnston, Miss Musgrave, Miss Wells, Mr. Hobgood, Dr. Pearson, Mr. Smith; Third row: Dr. Mosher, Mrs. Mosher, Mr. Moon, Mrs. Moon, Miss Bateman, Mrs. Jaggard, Dr. Jaggard, Mr. Johnston with Edgar; Fourth row: Mr. Hensey, Mrs. Frymire, Dr. Frymire, Emory Ross. Absent: Mrs. Hensey, Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Dr. and Mrs. Barger. Sailed 1920: Mr. and Mrs. Byerlee, Miss Alumbaugh.

SPOKANE UNIVERSITY

"A Heroic Little Band"

December 15, 1920.

MRS. ANNA R. ATWATER,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

My dear Sister Atwater: I am inclosing $30, to apply on the Underwriters' Fund, Interchurch World Movement. The money is credited as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Carpenter	$ 7.00	
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Perry	4.00	
Miss Florence A. Mills	2.00	
Miss Fanny Carlton	2.00	
Mrs. D. Y. Donaldson and myself	15.00	$30.00

May I take your time for a brief story of these gifts? Yesterday, in the pursuit of my duties as Federal Prohibition Director for Porto Rico, I was in Bayamon. I called on the Perrys to arrange for a day during the Christmas time when all of our missionaries down here could be our guests. They were starting to the monthly conference of our missionaries and urged me to go with them.

After brief devotions, the routine business and reports were disposed of with promptness and commendable care. I saw at once they were clearing the deck for important action.

Mr. Carpenter announced that the big item for this meeting was the report of the Mission Board announcing that a cut of $1,600 had been made in the estimated budget and that some way must be found to meet it.

All together they went at the task, going over the budget item by item. The first cut was suggested spontaneously. "We can cut the allowances for vacation." All heartily agreed. This was absolutely the only item which seemed easy for them to change.

Finally Mrs. Perry said, "We will cut $300 out of the $350 allowed for needed improvements and repairs on "The Nebraska Home" (where they live), and use only $50, which must be put on the house. This was the second easiest reduction and an added personal sacrifice.

Miss Mills suggested that she could possibly cut the item of gasoline allowed for her Ford, but to do so would greatly cripple her work. (If I got the item correctly it was $12 last year with gasoline at 50 cents to 60 cents a gallon.) Nobody would agree to that. Indeed the automobile is necessary in this field. So they reviewed every personal item.

Then came the part that hurt them. They have calls from large towns and rural sections for help. The door is wide open. The harvest seems to be ready. They had made plans to extend their work. This little band of missionaries is responsible for 100,000 people who will not hear the gospel unless through them. Only the Roman church, beside our missionaries, is found in all this vast company of American citizens! I could scarcely believe my own experience. Foreign missions on American soil! Yes, this is true and, after more than twenty years of American occupation, there is as great need of Christ in Porto Rico as is found in any Latin-American country.

Here stood this heroic little band. 100,000 souls on the one hand calling to them to come and, on the other hand, the Mission Board saying you cannot go! I must not try to picture this situation. No words are adequate.

For two hours they labored at this task. They were earnest but uncomplaining. They believed the Mission Board had done its best. In this spirit they finally revised their plans to meet the limitations. I don't know how they did it, but I do know that it means some souls will have to wait and our missionaries have their hopes deferred.

While this group was going over its problems, I thought of you and the Board who must stand between the churches at home and the many fields like this the world over. How long will the church rest at ease while millions cry at her door for life! I thought of my good friend, Dr. Shelton, who went into Tibet as though he could take it single-handed for Christ. Then I remembered our missionaries in India and Africa and in South America, together with all the rest. I thought of the stress and strain under which they labor. Then that $600,000 came up before me like a mighty iceburg ready to topple over and destroy everything it touches.

When these missionaries had finished this awful task of readjustment, I said, "What do you think of our going to the help of the United Christian Missionary Society? Would you like to help them with their great burden?" I proposed to double their gifts up to $15. They made their gifts promptly and with enthusiasm and I am honored to send it to you.

I know this is an insignificant amount of itself but I want you to know it is mighty as an expression of faith and sacrifice. If all the great church will answer in the spirit and measure of the gifts from these missionaries, you will have many times the $600,000. This gift is sent with the love and prayers of the givers.

Sincerely yours,

D. Y. DONALDSON.

Comparative Statement of Receipts

For Three Months Ending December 31, 1920

United Christian Missionary Society

	1919	1920	Gain
Churches	$ 71,783.25	$ 60,577.13	$11,206.12*
Sunday Schools	56,999.72	53,035.34	3,964.38*
Christian Endeavor Societies	2,573.44	2,210.41	363.03*
Individuals and Men and Millions Movement	108,024.95	33,231.19	74,793.76*
Bequests	8,563.11	11,950.65	3,387.54
Annuities	34,334.26	47,200.00	12,865.74
Interest and Rent	22,176.81	30,353.35	8,176.54
Missionary Societies, Circles	97,784.72	108,371.38	10,586.66
Children's Organizations	1,846.74	1,857.24	10.50
Mission Fields and Institutions	2,935.32	4,293.78	1,358.46
Subscription and Literature	3,786.12	5,079.78	1,293.66
Miscellaneous	19,196.42	30,462.50	11,266.08
	$430,004.86	$388,622.75	$41,382.11*

Board of Education

Churches	$2,754.53	$2,382.05	$ 372.48*
Colleges	700.00	1,014.60	314.60
Interest	———	3.20	3.20
World Movement	———	5,740.97	5,710.97
Miscellaneous	758.80	181.88	576.92*
	$4,213.33	$9,322.70	$5,109.37

Board of Temperance and Social Welfare

Churches	$ 506.83	$ 743.64	$ 236.81
Sunday Schools	33.19	16.65	16.54*
Men and Millions Movement and Individuals	2,816.66	250.00	2,566.66*
Miscellaneous	725.16	907.65	182.49
	$ 4,081.84	$ 1,917.94	$ 2,163.90*

Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity

Churches and Sunday Schools	$650.54	$ 586.87	$ 63.67*
Individuals	220.60	861.70	641.10
Literature	9.00	3.15	5.85*
Miscellaneous	———	3.60	3.60
	$880.14	$1,455.32	$575.18

French Reconstruction, Oct. 1-Dec. 31 ..... $571

Grand Totals for all Boards

Churches	$ 75,695.15	$ 64,289.69	$11,405.46*
Sunday Schools	57,032.91	53,051.99	3,980.92*
Christian Endeavor Societies	2,573.44	2,210.41	363.03*
Individuals and Men and Millions Movement	111,062.21	34,342.89	76,719.32*
Bequests	8,563.11	11,950.65	3,387.54
Annuities	34,334.26	47,200.00	12,865.74
Interest and Rent	22,176.81	30,356.55	8,179.74
Missionary Societies, Circles	97,784.72	108,371.38	10,586.66
Children's Organizations	1,846.74	1,857.24	10.50
Mission Fields and Institutions	2,935.32	4,293.78	1,358.46
Subscription and Literature	3,795.12	5,082.93	1,287.81
Miscellaneous	21,380.38	38,311.20	16,930.82
	$439,180.17	$401,318.71	$37,861.46*

*Loss

Miss Kate V. Johnson—A Christian Woman and Some of the Fruitage of Her Labor.

Better Than Battleships

(Sent by Maidie R. Featherstone)

ALTHOUGH Miss Kate V. Johnson has been dead for more than a year, we have just received a letter from one of her girls in Japan, who was sick in the hospital when she received word of Miss Johnson's death and could not write us then.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14:13.

About sixteen years ago a Self Denial Society of the "West Boulevard Christian Sunday School," Cleveland, Ohio, wanted to adopt a little girl in one of the foreign countries and wrote to the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. At the time that letter reached them another letter was received from Miss Kate V. Johnson (Japan) telling of a little orphan girl 5 years old who had no place to go. Immediately that child was assigned to the above Self Denial Society. We named her "Dorcas Ruth Cleveland." All those years Miss Johnson kept us in touch with our little Japanese girl by interesting letters and having her write us Japanese letters, which she would translate into English.

Dorcas' first letter, translated by Miss Johnson:

Beloved Teacher—I wish you a Happy New Year. On New Year's day we all went to visit O I no Sen. It is very cold here now, so be sure to take good care of your health. On the 28th of January I was vaccinated. It hurts. This week we received the beautiful cards you sent, and the postal cards. I Thank you very much. And in the Autumn you will send me a doll. That is joy enough for me. Please thank all my friends. With much love,

Good Bye, Dorcas.

Her first English letter:

Hongo, Tokyo, Japan
April 1st, 1915

My Dear Miss Featherstone:—

I thank you very much for your nice letter and your pictures. I was very glad to get them. You looks very well, I am always very well, and having a nice time every day with the girls. I have Sunday School class and they are boys and girls about 15 of them and they are 9 or 10 years of age. They are learning fast about God. So I am very happy over it. I am 4 ft. and 8 inches and weigh 91⅞ lbs. I am fat and strong, so I am very glad. Some time I'll be taller than you I think. I like to be tall. How funny to think a tiny baby gets so high like Goliath, but if we think deep in our hearts we can understand it is all His power. I wrote a letter to Miss Johnson's friend and she said my letter was very nice. Miss Johnson is very kind and taking good care of me. Also the girls too. I want to be a good woman and help you and Miss Johnson. I wish you could come and visit Japan some time. Then I will be glad to meet you at Central station and bring you home. I want to see you and your churches and your Sunday school girls.

Our country is getting warm now and the wind is soft and the sky is blue, the birds are singing and the flowers are blooming, the cherries have many flower-buds so they will become open when May comes. Please give my love to your dear mother and to the ladies that are helping me. I am praying for you all, so please pray for me. With best wishes.

From your little Japanese friend
Dorcas Ruth Cleveland

The above letter Dorcas wrote in Japanese first, then translated it into English and wrote it in English and mailed both to us. The following is the last letter we have received from her which was written months after Miss Johnson's death, but as soon as possible after leaving the hospital.

Dear brothers and sisters in America:—

I now received a letter that was written about Miss Johnson's death.

I want to tell you how I felt when I lost Miss Johnson. I am one of her girls. I have been married for two years but before that I was with Miss Johnson for fourteen years. Now you can tell that she was [illegible] mother. I lost my mother when I was [illegible]

years and a half, also my father and then Miss Johnson has tooked care of me and she taught me about Bible and I became a Christian when I was twelve years old. Since that time she was so kind, not only kind, but very gently tooked me in her lap and taught me and kissed me and loved me. When I was naughty she felt very sad, and she had lead me till now, even I was so bad. My happiest thing with Miss Johnson was to go out with her to down town, and at New Year's time when the snow is falling she always makes me stay in her room and she read me some nice books. I can't believe that she has gone and left me behind. I know God wanted her, and when I think so I don't feel so sad, but when I received a letter about her death, you can't know how I cried and thought as if I want to catch her back, if I could.

Now I want to tell more about her but it will take very long time, so I won't write any more, but only I want to tell is that she was very kind and faithful in her work and she did her duty very nicely, so the Father wanted her. I don't know so much English but as this much she taught me. I hope you can understand my heart from reading this letter. Please pray for me and for other girls which are doing very nicely.

Please remember me in Japan, also give my kind regards to everybody who knows me.

Yours faithfully,
Dorcas Ruth Cleveland.

P. S: The Self Denial Society have been my true friends for long time, and they gave me this upper name.

Japanese name (Mrs. Tamae Kondow)

One Week with a Present Day Pioneer

Homedale, Idaho, R. F. D. No. 1
Nov. 17, 1920

United Christian Missionary Society
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Brethren:—

At your request I am sending you a report of my work here at Claytonia, Idaho, in more detail than my monthly reports. I think I can best do this by giving you an account of a week's activity day by day, telling only of the principal things done each day.

Monday—Meeting of young men's club. This organization I organized for boys over 15 years of age. Its purpose is for fourfold activities for the members. I am able to teach several hundred games and I use this knowledge to keep the interest. There are 34 young men in this club.

Tuesday—Meeting of Junior Y. M. C. A. Boys between the ages of 12 and 15 are allowed to join. We are guided largely in the program of this organization by the Christian Citizenship Training Program. This is a better program for churches than the Scout program. There are 16 boys in the organization.

Wednesday—Meeting of men's organization called the Commercial Club. We are in a new country, made possible by irrigation. Most of the people that live here now came to this section about five years ago. The section has been opened only about six years. This organization has for its purpose the securing of a railroad, telephone, better markets. I am a member of the board of directors, treasurer and on the railroad committee. Mrs. Ford meets with the Ladies' Aid on this day. She attempts to make this organization serve for a community organization for the ladies, having programs, lectures and demonstrations.

Thursday—Choir practice and social time for young people. Official board meets on this evening.

Friday is community night, once each month, and it so happens it comes on the week I am telling of. This is the night that all the people are invited to come together and forget cares and worries and have a good time. One evening the men provide the refreshments, then the young people and then the women. Over 200 people were present this week. Men with gray hair, that have not played for years, get into such games as "Man, Monkey and Crab" and enjoy it immensely. Seldom do I have Friday evening free.

Saturday is used for final preparation for Sunday.

Sunday—Bible school, 98 present, church services with perhaps 105 present. At the evening service a Christian Endeavor society was organized with prospects of over 40 members to begin with. Evening service with probably 110 present.

We have no church building but meet in a schoolroom and expect to move soon to a hall that is used for every purpose, such as dances, lodge and the like. The parsonage is small, a two room shack. We are trying to do our best for the Master's cause, in a very difficult field with great opportunities.

Hoping this is a satisfactory report,
I am sincerely yours,
C. M. Ford.

The Pioneer's Wife

In heroic service out on the frontier, in Idaho, where the field is difficult but the opportunities are great.

At the Foot of Purple Mountain

The members of the Nanking station are carrying out a special kind of program in their weekly prayer meeting this year. The first item on the program consists of a lunch, which is brought and eaten by the individual households and their invited guests. Following this two members present reviews of certain chapters in the China Mission Year Book, covering all phases of mission work in China and related topics. This is followed by a brief discussion of the reviews and then by a devotional period. The entire program consumes just one hour and twenty minutes. Thus far the meetings have been found exceptionally pleasant and helpful.

This evening the meeting was held in the style of an open air picnic. Instead of assembling as regularly, in one of the homes for the lunch and program, the group assembled on a beautiful spot outside the Taiping gate of the city, at the foot of Purple Mountain. This is the most delightful season of the year for Nanking. The mellow sunshine, the autumn flowers, the gold and crimson leaves on the trees, combined with that peculiar flavor in the air which we always associate with Indian summer in the homeland; to sit down in the midst of all this natural beauty, and then sing "Day Is Dying in the West," just as the great red ball of the sun sank below the western horizon—it was worth a trip across the ocean just to have such an experience. In this case the discussion and the devotional period preceded the lunch. Before we had disposed of the sandwiches, salads, fruits and other dainty and substantial things that the Chinese cooks had packed into the baskets, daylight was all gone. But immediately the full moon in all its glory flooded over the top of Purple Mountain and made the scene almost as light as day.

Edwin Marx.

A Church Extension Record

From October 1 to December 31, 1920, the Board of Church Extension helped to build twenty-six churches with loans amounting to $171,780. In the month of December alone, fourteen churches were aided with $92,380. This is the greatest record the Board of Church Extension ever made in a single month or in a single quarter. When we remember that Isaac Errett, in 1883, wrote an editorial in the *Christian Standard*, urging the Brotherhood to raise a permanent Church Extension loan fund of $100,000, and said that this would be sufficient for a growing religious body in a growing country, we are glad to record the fact that in the single month of December $92,380 was paid out in helping to erect modern church buildings for the Disciples of Christ.

It is also interesting to note that the Church Erection Department of the United Society has applications on file to the first of January, aggregating $199,200. To all of these the Board is writing that no funds are in the treasury with which to grant loans. Will the Brotherhood recognize this situation as a demand made because of growing churches and make remittances accordingly?

G. W. Muckley.

Women's Missionary Societies and Circles

Program Helps

Devotional Service

JESUS said, "We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work. When I am in the world, I am the light of the world."

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

"Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the stand and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path."
—Ps. 119:105.

IT seems fitting that in our devotional service at this time we should pause to remember with love and gratitude, the man who so kindly and graciously took the time from already overcrowded hours to write the Bible studies from month to month for our missionary meetings this year.

No one appreciated the spiritual and educational influence of the organized missionary work of our Christian women to a greater degree than did our great leader who has gone out from among us.

During his long life of public service, at one time or another, it has been the privilege of most of our women to hear him in the reading of the Scriptures and the pouring out of his great heart in prayer. Every such devotional service brought its benediction to every listening heart, as many will be remembering in these days when we are missing him so sorely. He had learned in the secret places how to talk with his Father, and we were glad to follow with him and catch something of the glory, even if at times it seemed to us "afar off."

He knew the Word of God and loved and lived it supremely. That was why men of the world said on hearing of his death, "There was an honest man." By his bedside, on a stand within easy reach of his hand during his last illness, lay his Greek Testament. He knew it as "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," and his whole life was given in a passionate devotion that men and women and children might have the chance of hearing and believing.

A morning or two after Mr. McLean's death, one of the secretaries was to lead the little devotional meeting which always brings its blessing at the opening of the busy day's work at Headquarters. All hearts were heavy in those days, and early in the morning in his home the secretary was searching in his Bible for some specially helpful message for the service.

His little eight-year-old daughter wakened and asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was looking in the Bible for some word about Brother McLean, whom she knew very well. Then she said, "Is Mr. McLean's name in the Bible?" "No, dear." Quickly she added, "It ought to be!"

Many have brought tributes to the memory of this great friend, but sweeter than the beautiful flowers which he loved, nearer than the songs of which he never tired, dearer than the loving words of his friends would have been to him, the honest tribute of that little childish heart. Betty would not have understood, perhaps, but we believe that in God's Book of Remembrance, that great continued story of The Acts of the Apostles, the name of A. McLean has an honored place.

He was much interested in the Bible Studies for the first six months of 1921, because of the general theme, "The Bible and Missions." He took special care in the preparing of the one on India, but was not able to write the study for China. We do not know what he would have written for "dark Africa," but his message would have come straight from a heart yearning that "the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ" might be carried swiftly to every darkest spot of that needy land.

Following the great world program of the Savior of men, he loved, he thought, he gave in terms of the whole world. Today with clear vision, he sees the great onward sweep of God's redemptive plan, and we believe that in some larger way he will still be able to love and serve and give.

The busy pen has dropped from nerveless fingers, but faith tells us that somehow, somewhere, with the constantly increasing number of the great cloud of witnesses, he will be "helping from the other side."

ELLIE K. PAYNE.

MARCH

The Bible and the Nations—Africa
MUSIC.
PRAYER.
BUSINESS.
DEVOTIONAL PERIOD.
- Song.
- Bible Study.
- Prayers.
  - For the Missionaries in Africa.
  - For the Native Evangelists in visiting distant villages.

SONG.
TALKS OR PAPERS.
- Translating the Bible Into Lonkundo.
- Teaching the Bible in the Congo Mission.

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE.
HIDDEN ANSWERS.
SONG.
BENEDICTION.

PROGRAM HELPS:
- Leaflet: Translating the Bible Into Lonkundo;
- Teaching the Bible in the Congo Mission, 3 cts.
- Special Articles, "Teaching the Bible in Congoland," "Bonkanda wa Nzakomba," WORLD CALL for February.

Easter Week of Prayer

NO other week of the year is so significant, no other day so holy as Easter. The birth of the Christ child was full of joyous promise, but the Resurrection proclaims His glorious victory. For women the season is most significant. Only because of the Christ and His victory has woman been emancipated. All of the women and young women of the church should unite in a week of prayer and service that souls may be won for Christ and the church. For a quarter of a century one of the outstanding occasions in connection with the Christian Woman's Board of Missions has been the observing of the week preceding Easter as a time of prayer and giving of special thank qfferings for the great missionary task. Now that this organization is a part of the United Christian Missionary Society it should be observed with a new emphasis in keeping with the enlarged responsibilities.

The program suggested provides for the coming together for prayer and meditation and then going out two by two to help answer those prayers by calling on people of the community who are not in the church. The aim should be "each one win one" by Easter Sunday.

Will You Pray?

That the women who have in their care the preparations and plans for the meetings may have clear vision and loving zeal as they confer together;

That all Christian women of our land may strive to promote all agencies and organized effort looking towards the development of the spiritual resources of the Church of Christ and the purification of our national life.

"Behold what manner of love Thou hast bestowed upon us, our Father, that we should be called Thy children. We thank Thee for this pleasant relationship. We thank Thee for the sense of pardon, for the peace and power and joy and knowledge of Thyself which come to us when we walk as Children of Light and remember our Father's commandments to do them.

"Forgive us, O God, that we so often and so easily forget. Save us, we beseech Thee, from falling into easy and trivial ways of living when the needs of a suffering world cry to us for help.

"Lord, touch *my* heart and the hearts of hosts of women who claim to be Thy children with the same divine pity which moves Jesus with compassion for the multitudes. Let these coming weeks for us be the time of preparation for a united effort to make this a better world at home and abroad. Bless especially all missionaries of the Cross of

Christ and give unto them their hearts' desire.

"Remind us daily of Christ; assure us that nothing is impossible to faith. Keep us prayerful and obedient. Show us the shame and folly of living unto self, and the joy of being laborers together with our risen and glorified Lord. So bless us and make us a blessing, for His sake, *Amen.*"

Teaching the Bible in Congoland

The teaching of the Bible in Congo is in a way very difficult and yet very easy. The native people have no literature of their own and when the missionary first comes in contact with them, they know absolutely nothing about reading and writing. They live very much as our American Indians did, but in a lower stage of development.

The usual method the white missionary uses in bringing his message to the purely heathen is to read the story or tell it in as simple a way as possible, explaining it with illustrations.

Always in teaching in the school the Bible is used as one of the textbooks and the missionary explains it as simply as he can in order to clarify the Scripture to the native mind. Of course it is easier for a class in school to understand the reading from the Book than for a group of untrained heathen.

In the women's meetings the text is always read to them carefully and then explained and lessons drawn from it for them. They are anxious to learn and pay close attention, usually, and seem to remember very well.

Most of the inquirers who come wanting baptism do not know how to read and write. These people have been instructed for a season by our evangelists and know only what has been told them as far as Bible teaching is concerned, and sometimes they haven't gotten even that very well. It is amusing often to listen to some of the stories they tell us. As the Bible stories have been handed on from one to another without a white person to explain them carefully, many things have been added and some taken away. So sometimes they come back to us much touched up with local color.

Our schoolboys and girls learn to read and naturally when we examine them we find them better informed than the older people who find it hard to learn new things. Many school boys are sent out with the older evangelists to teach the evangelists as well as the people how to read and write.

The aim of the mission is that every evangelist who goes out shall know how to use his Bible, so that the people may better understand the gospel and have reason for the faith that is within them. The Lord has greatly glorified Himself in our Congo work. Many people there know that His gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and have accepted it. Oh Lord, help us so to teach the Word that many more shall be saved.

TOBITHA A. HOBGOOD.

Echoes From Everywhere

What Four Hundred Dollars Can Do

One of the tragedies in connection with our meager missionary giving is that which has to do with the preparation of missionary candidates for the foreign field. This last year it was necessary to turn away from the College of Missions five trained nurses who wished to take graduate training in preparation for the foreign fields. This serious step was necessary because there were no funds for their scholarships. They were deserving and well trained young women, but could not provide personally the expense necessary in taking the year's course at the College of Missions. There were no funds available in the Society for this extra expense.

It is hoped that many people will see the need of providing annual scholarships for the young people who are in final training for missionary service. Four hundred dollars will provide a scholarship for one year. No worthy young person should be deflected from a life purpose because of our lack of funds.

Where the "True Spirit of Christ" Shows Forth

Some of the most interesting letters which come to Headquarters are from the enthusiastic new missionaries. Such a recent letter has just been received from Mrs. E. T. Cornelius of Aguascalientes, Mexico. Regarding the school she writes; "We have some very pitiful cases in school. Many poor people have come to us and, indeed, I believe that the school is to many of them the true spirit of the Christ. They look up to us and to the things that we teach here much as I picture the poor people did to the Christ when he was on earth. Somehow I feel a much greater responsibility here than I did in the states, and that was much, for to me, there is no greater privilege than to instruct and help mold the lives of children. They are so sacred and doubly so here because they have so little. The other day we had one poor boy who is eleven years old and he has never been in school before. We entered him in the first grade and he is quite happy. He never owned a pair of shoes. Mr. Cornelius had a pair that he had outgrown and he gave them to the boy. These children we may save from professional beggary. The older people who beg have lost all pride and would rather beg than work."

Again; "Keeping house in Mexico is a great deal of fun but at the same time it is rather difficult at times. I have an English class from two to three times a week. I have been in the office until five or six every day since school started. It is necessary to tell the cook what I want for meals in the morning; it is a question sometimes what she has prepared but usually it is quite eatable. The servants in Mexico as as a rule, so they tell me, are not trustworthy. I think that we must have been very fortunate for we have two of the most honest women I have ever known. The younger has been going to Sunday school and church since she has been here and she thinks our hymns and sermons are very beautiful. The other, an older woman, does the marketing for me. She comes to Sunday school and church all the time. She has not made the confession yet but I think she will soon."

Christmas at the Emily Flinn Home, Marion, Indiana.

How we wish every one who shared in the giving might have looked in the chapel on Christmas Eve! We were amazed to receive so many letters asking about the women in the home; their names and needs and what could be done to make this Christmas a bright one for them. It was a real joy to reply, for we felt sure that if folks just knew about the home and the members that they would respond, and they did.

Mrs. Caffee, (the matron) with the help of friends, decorated a Christmas tree and placed it in a corner of the chapel. The gifts were put on and around the tree.

The members were not allowed in the room until seven o'clock Friday evening and they were as anxious and expectant as could be. Early in the afternoon, Miss Young, a school teacher, came to the home with her pupils and gave a musical program which was greatly enjoyed. Promptly at seven o'clock the doors were opened and the women invited into the room. Surprise and joy showed on their faces. A short program of music and readings was given and greetings and a prayer by

(*Continued on page* 58.)

Hidden Answers

1. What did a Chinese Church just do for the first time?
2. What might prove reassuring?
3. For what does the United Society act as a clearing house?
4. What can four hundred dollars do?
5. What do the Chinese believe about an eclipse?
6. Who is Thomas Kane?
7. What are the recent figures regarding the importation of liquors from Christian countries into Africa?
8. Who wrote Sita?
9. In what ways does the Nanking Language School prove valuable to the new missionary?
10. How many doctors are there in China?
11. What were some of the words so long sought for in the Lonkundo language?
12. What did the Chinese girl say about the spirit in the Bible Teacher's Training school?
13. Who are the national leaders in the Religious Education Department?
14. What tribute was paid to the women of the church by Mr. Dalbey?

Missionary Education of the Church

TO bring the whole church to visualize the world's need, to sense the spiritual poverty of Christless populations, to assent to the program of God for the regeneration of human society, and to respond in adequate realization of individual and collective responsibility is the goal for the missionary educational agencies of the church.

Missionary education is proceeding with ever increasing effectiveness in the church, being carried forward through the pastor, through the Church School of Missions, through the teaching of missions in the Sunday school, through mission study classes, through the work of local missionary societies among the women, young women and children of the church, and through every agency for the dissemination of missionary information and the development of missionary interest.

The distribution and use of missionary literature should be pressed by every one who recognizes the world mission of the church. Any congregation, and the whole church, can be lifted to the place of vision and adequate cooperation in the supreme task through full use of missionary literature.

Your congregation needs many of these books. Will you not help in passing them on? Such books are invaluable in preparation of missionary programs and messages and in teaching missions everywhere.

Name of Book	Price
Master Builder on the Congo	$ .50
Among Central African Tribes	.50
White Queen of Okoyong	1.00
In the Shadow of the Drum Tower	.50
Trail to the Hearts of Men	.50
Education of Women in China	1.25
Among Asia's Needy Millions	.50
Days of June	.50
West Pointer in the Land of the Mikado	.75
A Message from Batang	.50
Sunshine and Shadow on Tibetan Border	.50
Pioneering in Tibet	1.25
Sita	1.25
Revolt of Sanduramma	1.00
The Trail of the Immigrant	1.50
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A Clearing House For Relief Offerings

At the December meeting of the executive committee of the United Christian Missionary Society an important recommendation of the officers' council was approved which will be of interest to all the churches:

We recommend that the United Christian Missionary Society cooperate in bringing to the attention of our churches the destitution and need that prevail among such people as the persecuted Christians of the Near East, the starving children of many European nations, and the famine sufferers of China; and that the United Society become a clearing house for the receipt and distribution of such offerings to these worthy causes as may be made by our churches and individual members, reporting them from time to time in WORLD CALL.

Our people along with other Christians in America, and for that matter in all the world, are already doing much to meet these great needs, but this action will enable them to do much more with the assurance that their gifts will be properly distributed to the causes for which they are intended. It will of course be understood by all that the United Society is serving simply as a clearing house, that such offerings in no way apply on the budget of support for the United Christian Missionary Society, and that while they will be reported from time to time in WORLD CALL, they will not be reported in the Year Book. Donors should indicate clearly the purpose or purposes with division desired for which the gifts are intended.

The needs of the stricken lands of the earth are overwhelming. Unless the Christian peoples of the Near East, particularly the orphan children, are cared for this winter, they will die and the good work of previous years in their rescue and maintenance will prove of no avail. The suffering children of Europe are stricken with the accumulated effects of five years of pestilence, famine and war. The situation in China is staggering, no estimate that has been announced is less than twenty millions and some reports indicate that by spring forty, or even fifty millions of Chinese will be famishing. Millions must die before help can reach them, other millions may be saved if help is forthcoming at once.

The financial and prayerful cooperation of all our people is most earnestly sought in behalf of these dire needs. The United Christian Missionary Society stands ready at headquarters to help the brethren in every good way in such enterprises.

Address United Christian Missionary Society, 1501 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Indianapolis, December 20, 1920.

My Dear Brother Warren:

I have had it in mind for some time to write you a word of encouragement and congratulation on the great and needed work you are doing through the columns of WORLD CALL.

It has been my pleasure and profit to read and carefully consider each number, and while it is a law of nature that perfection cannot be improved on, it seems to me that each succeeding number excels all others. You are bringing to our brotherhood a group of concrete facts and truths that ought to awaken our people to renewed endeavor and activity, to spread the Gospel of the Master to the uttermost parts of the world. The only hope of the race lies in bearing the Word to every creature, and its acceptance in the hearts of men and women.

WORLD CALL is a splendid messenger of the "glad tidings of salvation" and the needs of mankind, and it should be, and I believe it will be, of great influence for good in arousing a deeper and more effective interest in the missionary work.

There are some outstanding features in the December number that merit special mention and consideration:

1. It has been said that, "there are sermons in stones," and possibly this is true, for all nature is a sermon to the thinking man or woman, but in the many illustrations you have given us in this number, you have preached many sermons of convincing force and potent influence.

2. The first installment of "The Career of a Cobbler," is both wonderful and inspiring. The succeeding chapters will be anxiously awaited by all your readers, and read with great interest.

3. Your concrete and yet rather full report of the "International Convention of Disciples" held at St. Louis, is of profound interest.

The two addresses, one by Brother Idleman, on "Unity and Permanence," and the other by Brother Medbury, on the "Glory of the Ministry," are masterpieces in their line. Certainly no one can read them without being heartened and inspired to greater endeavor in the Lord's work. I am glad you have given these addresses the publicity they so much deserve, and will get through the columns of your publication.

I must not worry you longer, but permit me in closing to say that in my judgment WORLD CALL is the "last word" in religious and missionary literature and publications.

With kindest regards to you and your family, and best wishes for your renewed success and prosperity in the great work to which you are devoting yourself, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

U. Z. WILEY.

Keeping the Larger Faith

THE other day one of God's best noblemen went home to rest after ten years of long, painful fight with disease. His patience and courage have been a blessing to all who knew him. He was especially appreciated by those who were related to him through the support of Ministerial Relief. His wife preceded him four years ago. He kept the family of four, two girls and two boys, together and loved and nurtured them. The family ties were strong. A larger measure of support was granted him and the children than has ever been given to any other home because of the unusual circumstances.

As a preacher of the gospel he kept faith with the church. The churches have in a good measure kept faith with him and his own in the trying time of sickness and death. We must keep larger faith with these who are now left the wards of the Kingdom in a beautiful and solemn relation.

If the urgent necessity of many homes of our saints could be but understood there would spring up in an instant the full measure of loving support they so justly deserve because of the gift of life to the gospel ministry.

If we could know the beautiful faith in his brethren held by George S. Lawrence and the fine gratitude that marked his relation to the Department of the Ministry we would rejoice to make glad and comfortable the homes of those who have given their all to the church. Having kept the faith they expect of the churches that they will keep the larger faith in this sacred obligation.

F. E. SMITH.

Five Little Missionaries in Mexico.

The two older children are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dobson; the three younger are children of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, all of whom have recently gone to San Luis Potosi, Mexico, into the heart of a needy land.

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A young woman leaving Washington wrote:
"The beautiful, spiritual and inspirational services of the Sunday hours of worship in the Vermont Avenue Christian Church will always remain to me among the most precious memories of my eighteen months of service in Washington. I feel that many young people are returning to their distant homes with grateful hearts for the kindly, Christian spirit of welcome and fellowship we received in your church during the time we were trying to do our 'bit' for our country."

Echoes from Everywhere

(*Continued from page* 55)

E. L. Day, our minister. Then the gifts were distributed. Some came marked for the individuals. Others we numbered and let them draw numbers which corresponded, and one lot was put in a grab bag. All the presents were distributed evenly. There were aprons, caps, candy, oranges and handkerchiefs for each one; then some received stationery, stamps, subscriptions to magazines. There were too many packages to open down stairs, so some of the guests helped the women take the gifts to their rooms and open them there. They could not understand where so many things came from nor how people knew their names and what they needed, so we explained about the good friends everywhere who were interested.

Many of these women are away from all familiar faces, in a strange city and a new home, and we were indeed happy that this first Christmas was made a pleasant one for them. To all who helped in any way we wish to express our sincere thanks. You enjoyed the giving—these women enjoyed your thoughtfulness. They are still talking about it and will be for many days. Again we say thank you and wish a Happy New Year to all.

En Route to South America

Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert F. Reavis and family, en route to the Argentine, were delayed several days in England on account of a coal strike. While there they had an opportunity of visiting among the Disciples of Christ in London. Mr. Reavis writes: "At our church we found a very earnest and consecrated people. They did not know us until time for the service to begin, otherwise they would have asked one of us to preach. As they have no regular pastor, one of the elders preached the sermon on Temperance, and a good sermon it was, too. They have quite an institution in connection with the church and are doing a great work in one of the very needy districts of south-west London. In addition to the church, which is an institutional one, they have a small college in which young people are educated for Christian service. I really felt an impulse to settle down with them and lend a hand in their struggle against intemperance. King Alcohol is on the defensive in both England and Scotland. The fight for decency and righteousness is a world fight."

A Bit of Interesting History

The following comes from W. A. Webster, minister of the West Side Church of Denver, Colorado: "Seven years ago I came to this section of Denver and bargained for a church and parsonage just vacated by the Danish Lutherans and began the establishment of a Church of Christ. I have kept steadily on the job and during these years there have come into our fellowship, by primary obedience, letter or statement, over 300 people. We have built a basement under the church and enlarged the parsonage, besides many other repairs. We have held tenaciously on, gradually overcoming prejudice and opposition until we have come to be recognized as a leading church in this part of a great western city. After about two years of sacrifice and trial, we secured the assistance of the state board and have had it ever since with varied amounts per month to assist in defraying expenses. We have been contributing to all our missionary enterprises as best we could and have been pleased to note that our offerings have gradually increased from year to year. Last year we averaged a dollar per member for missions and I am quite sure that this year we are almost doubling that amount. This has been a real work of faith all along. We feel much stronger now than at any other time in our history and we expect to become self-supporting after January first, when the assistance that we have been receiving will be turned toward other needy fields in this great virgin territory.

"If our brethren really knew the great need of funds in this western country and could see the great opportunity that we, as a people, have to 'go up and possess the land' they would say that 'we are well able to overcome it' and would contribute hundreds where now they are giving only tens. West Side Church is located in the heart of one of the most densely populated sections of this great city and is destined to be one of the greatest churches in all this section of country. Brethren moving to Denver will do well to locate near us and take hold of the work, thus helping us to go on to great and lasting victory."

A Cheering Word From Harda, India

From F. E. Harnar: "We are so happy to have the Scotts with us again. They seemed very glad to be here, too, and called it getting 'back home.' Mr. Scott is taking up the special evangelistic work. We are glad for that is so much needed. In spite of the fact that India is in such a period of change and unrest, we feel that the people have never been more friendly and sympathetic here in Harda than they are right now. We feel that they can be depended upon to remain our friends, whatever may happen.

"Dr. Drummond is living with us now that the Scotts have returned. We think that the friendly attitude here is in no little degree due to the work which he has been carrying on during all the years that he has been in India. The people are asking what they will do when he goes home on his furlough. Just yesterday one man asked the Doctor to give him some medicine which would make him strong so that he would not need any medicine while the Doctor is in America.

"We are hoping that there will be a large number of new missionaries for India in the near future. Whenever anyone goes home it seems that there is no one to take that place. Let us hope that the situation will be at least somewhat changed in the near future."

From One of the New Workers In Porto Rico

"During the Christmas week we will have given at least fourteen programs in Bayamon and outstations. The Christmas season affords opportunity for reaching many people not otherwise reached.

"The work at Viga Alta is just a year old now and is growing rapidly. Mr. Carpenter and the native workers are planning to start the new chapel during vacation and will hold meetings in the evening. The little school which Mrs. Perry is superintending is doing very good work. The public schools are so crowded that there are many children who cannot enter—so this school is taking care of a few of them.

"We were so sorry to hear that 'President' McLean was taken from us so suddenly. How thankful we are that we had such a strong man at the helm for so long. We are glad that he did not have to suffer long." FANNY J. CARLTON.

New Addition Completed Juliette Fowler Home

With the completion of the new wing and with most of the funds in hand with which to furnish and equip it, the Orphan's Home in Dallas, Texas, is planning for the public opening sometime early in February. This new addition will add sixty-three more happy children to the forty-seven already being taken care of. There are already enough children on the waiting list to fill the house to its capacity.

Visiting Among our Missionaries In Japan

Recent letters from Annie Mullen and Mary Campbell tell of the safe arrival of the India party in Tokyo, Japan, after a rough voyage from Vancouver to Yokohama. They missed their boat from Japan but, after a two weeks' stay, they were expecting to sail from Kobe on the S. S. "Japan." Miss Mullin writes: "Everything is so very interesting to me. I am thoroughly enjoying these days in the Orient. Everything is so new but, of course, I am especially interested in the people. This is a good opportunity to see a small part of Japan, to meet some of the Japanese people, to see something of our mission work here and to become better acquainted with our missionaries. They are so good to us and are making so many nice plans that we shall be able to see many places of interest here."

Miss Campbell writes: "The delightful time we are having here makes us feel that we would just like to stay right here among the silks and china, the gay crowded streets and Japanese babies. But my visit in the girls' school brought my enthusiasm to the bubbling point and I feel that I can hardly wait until the sailing of the boat for I am so anxious to get at the language study and to work!"

Death of Baby Jane Edwards

The little one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Edwards of our Congo mission in Africa, died in Harper's Hospital, Detroit, Michigan, on December 23, during an operation in which the surgeon tried to remove a small apple stem which was found later to have lodged in her lung. Much sympathy goes out to the bereaved parents.

For China's Starving Millions

A few weeks ago, the children in the Chinese Christian Institute in San Francisco, were asked to save their money until Christmas time for the thousands of little ones who were starving to death in China. Later, at the Christmas party, after the one hundred fifteen children present had marched about the "Gift Basket" and deposited their gifts, it was found that they had put in sixty-five dollars as their Christmas present to China. Every penny of it was given by the children in the day school.

It might Prove Reassuring

If anyone has any doubt concerning the steadily increasing interest and growth among the Disciples of Christ, he might be inspired by reading the fact that under just one of our evangelists alone, George L. Snively, one million and a half dollars was raised in 1920 for the dedication of new church buildings.

If anyone feels that the budget two million and three quarters dollars for missions

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and benevolences seems too great an undertaking for the Disciples of Christ, it might prove reassuring to consider the fact that this one million and a half dollars was raised among only thirty-seven communities for as many new church homes.

"Do you Take WORLD CALL?"

Weiser, Idaho.

"I wish it were possible to have this paper in every home in our brotherhood. It certainly is unequaled in value. As each copy comes we say, 'Well, surely this is the best copy yet issued.' One of our ladies said the other day in response to the question, 'Do you take WORLD CALL?'—'Take it? Why it is bread and butter to my family.' Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that this family is supporting a native evangelist in India."

MRS. R. A. ADAMSON.

Interesting Medical Statistics

Dr. C. C. Drummond, of Harda, India: "Bubonic plague prevailed through the month (October) but was confined to one section of the town. There were a number of deaths from it, mostly Mohammedans who refused to vacate their houses when the disease broke out near them. They said it was no use to run away from it for if 'fate' decreed that they should die they would die whether they staid or went.

"Our medical work has gone on regularly during the month with the statistics as follows: New cases—1,183; Treatments—2,635; In-patients—6; Operations—19; Visits to homes—251. This makes our average daily attendance at the dispensary a fraction over 101."

An Itinerating Trip In Africa

"After thirty-six days itinerating up river, I reached Lotumbe on Saturday, September 4. We started the last morning at 2 o'clock so that we would be able to arrive that day. The moon was up and the worst part of the river was passed. It was so cold until sunrise that I nearly froze—if such a thing could be possible on the equator.

"There were 70 baptisms at Bianga, 45 at Ntumba, 33 at Wafanya, 59 at Monhoto, 49 at Tyete; Total 256. I found the out-station work in fairly good shape, with a few discouragements and many joys."

HERBERT SMITH.

"The Plague is over In Damoh

And people are coming back to their homes from villages and huts along the road and in the jungle where they have been for months," writes Dr. Mary McGavran of India. "This means that school, zenana and medical work will begin again to be normal. We have had a better rainy season here and less sickness than for years. No Christian died of the plague."

Some Interesting Notes from Chuchow, China

The October report of Dr. Osgood is of unusual interest: "A man and woman from the country and one of our school girls were recently baptized. A couple of weeks before one of our country school teachers who had been studying the Bible for some time was also baptized.

"Holroyd, of Nanking, and I, took a four days' hike visiting four of our country chapels west and south of Chuchow. We went especially to see our country schools but also took the occasion to visit a number of the Christians' homes. We found very many sick with pernicious malaria. Our hospital is far enough away so that few of these cases can reach us. While quinine is sold in country drug shops, it takes a hypodermic dose to reach most of these cases this fall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Albin Bro are settled in their new home in Chuchow. The Chinese gave them a warm reception and they have already won their way into many homes. They are giving part time from their language study in work at the boys' and girls' schools.

"A Bible class of educated men in the city meet each Sunday night at the church. The average attendance is [illegible]. Tsien, the Chuchow pastor, and [illegible] his assistant, have reopened [illegible] school at the church. [illegible]

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Henry G. Bowden, Secretary [illegible] the Men and Millions Movement and a musician, says: "I have studied with great care your new book 'Hymns for Today.' Let me say without [illegible] from every standpoint, the need of the hour. It is just what its name implies, and more."

Hal F. Smith, Presbyterian minister and musician, says: "Wife and I have gone over 'Hymns for Today' from cover to cover [illegible] we are convinced it is the crowning work of your musical life."

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men who are servants and shop workers. Each Friday night they turn it into a Bible class. Every afternoon they also have a dozen young women who are learning to read. These two men are aided by volunteer teachers about the city. On Sundays the church leaders hold no less than five different periods of Bible study. The school children of our schools come at nine; Christians and enquirers meet at eleven; city school children make up another class at two; a group go to the prison at three; and in the evening two special Bible classes meet. Mr. Bro also teaches an English Bible class.

"The church has just raised $117.50 for famine relief in the north. This is the first great gift that the church has ever been able to make outside. They did this through their own leaders, without suggestion from the foreign workers. Christians at the country station of Kwantien have raised nearly $200 and, with some aid from the mission, are building church and day school buildings. Ko Luen-pu, superintendent of outstation work, is directing the building."

Splendid Progress in Calgary, Alberta

From the the Central Church of Calgary comes an encouraging message through the pastor, Burton Davies: "A gift of $200 for the building fund was received from a friend in Walla Walla, Washington. A lady who attended a few services last summer was so impressed by the devotion and progressive spirit of our congregation that she sent us this offering unsolicited.

"The first Sunday of November our Sunday school offering was $50 and the attendance 140. November was a month of great social activity with us. Every week saw some largely attended social gathering. The pastor is giving a series of sermons on 'Our Plea' which has already resulted in two additions."

From the Diary of a Regional Worker

Ever since the close of the national convention in St. Louis, most of the time has been spent with the campaign team for the Colorado Christian Home, under the direction of James H. Mohorter.

Thursday and Friday, October 28 and 29, were spent with the church at Clayton, New Mexico, assisting them in their plans for their new $30,000 church. A loan of $10,000 has been granted them by the Church Erection Department. Sunday, October 31, was spent in Rocky Ford and La Junta, Colorado. Each will raise its suggested budget for the United Society. Sunday, November 7, the Benevolent Department of the United Society had Messrs. Mohorter, Kline, Muckley, White and Smith in the Denver churches. All of the remainder of this month and up to this date in December, has been spent in the Colorado churches on this campaign.

Thursday, November 25, I dedicated a Chapel at Hudson, Colorado, raising $725 to defray their indebtedness against the building. L. S. Dudley is now conducting a revival meeting for S. B. Radcliff, who is pastor of this church.

Friday, November 26, I had a meeting with the Colorado Home Missions Council, relative to certain fields in eastern Colorado, with recommendations that will be submitted to the General Council in January.

Sunday, November 28, I began a three days' conference with the church at Sheridan, Wyoming, team consisting of Belt White of the National Benevolent Association, Alfred O. Kuhn, Mrs. M. A. Baughman and myself, of this office. Mrs. Baughman and Mr. Kuhn visited Greybull, Thursday, December 2, and all of us were in Casper, Friday and Saturday, December 3 and 4. The outlook in Wyoming is very hopeful, and I wish to speak in the highest terms of the work of Pastor Evangelist Chas. G. Stout at Casper. A strong church is being organized there under his leadership, this being the largest city in the state.

Sunday, December 5, the team was at Wheatland for a three days' institute. Sunday, December 12, will be spent with Mr. Mohorter at Boulder and Longmont, in the interest of the Colorado Christian Home. These will be the last dates before the holi-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Echoes From Everywhere

(*Continued from page* 61.)

days, but the campaign for the home will be resumed soon after the first of the year.

Clark Bower, of Clifton, dedicates his new church Sunday, January 9, and I will be with him for that dedication.

CHARLES LEMUEL DEAN.

New Life and a Bright Future

Guy L. Drill, recently located at Mt. Vernon, Washington, reports of the prospects of the work there: "The work is beginning to take on new life and the future looks quite bright. We are remodeling the main auditorium and recently have installed a new heating plant which adds greatly to the comfort of our building. Our Bible school has doubled in attendance in the past three months and the working force is getting down to business. It is their ambition to be able to carry their own expense and be self-supporting after this year. Plans are being made for a great annual meeting which will take place the first of the new year."

Translation of a Letter Written by a Hindu Bible Woman

I send peace and best greetings to you all. I came originally from Southern India. Having no father and no mother, no relatives to care for me, I found myself as a little girl in the care of the Mission. It was through the care and the love of Mr. Wharton that I came to this place and am what I am. At first I was taken into a home in Central India and later sent to the home at Deoghar. It was while here that I found peace. It was here that the Lord Jesus laid hold of my heart and I became His.

When I grew older I was married. After this I was sent to Harda. It was here in Harda that I began to do definite Christian work. I was given work among the non-Christian women of the village. I was privileged to work under the direction of Mary Thompson for four years. Later I was sent to Bilaspur. Since coming here I have been working among the women who come to the hospital for treatment. Here I work with Dr. Crozier, who was instrumental in leading me to the Master. Since giving my life to the Lord, He has never let go of me once and He never will.

The Lord has given us six children and my daily prayer is that all may be His and that they may do worthy service for Him. Here at the hospital I am privileged to speak to about fifty women a day, so the women who come receive not only medicine for the body but medicine also for the soul. I teach them the story of His life and of His wonderful power to save. We have also a Christian society, the membership of which is about sixty. Here we try to help one another in the new life. The missionaries help us with encouragement, mapping out our programs and directing us in our task.

We are endeavoring not only to hold fast in the faith but to grow into a larger faith. In nine places in the city we are holding Sunday schools. Here the gospel story is told every Sunday. There is definite work being done in sixteen of the nearby villages. Evangelists visit these villages regularly and by intensive work attempt to win men from their sin. The great advantage of our day schools and Sunday schools is to bring the non-Christian in contact with the Christian. So by example as well as precept we are able to preach the gospel. Would it be too much for us to hope and pray that these students may come to the light not only one by one but in great groups? I am grateful to you for your care and thought of me. I know that you remember me in your prayers. Pray that I may remain true to His love and loyal in His service.

New Building Greatly Needed in Gary, Indiana

"Plans have been drawn for a $40,000 building, the basement of which is to be built this summer. To date $3,000 has been pledged by church members. The morning service has been rearranged to provide a children's sermon and communion immediately following the Sunday school. The adult sermon follows. Practically the entire Sunday school, except the beginners, stay for their part. People have had to stand at each of the three last morning services. We can't go much farther until we get a building."

From H. J. Reynolds, Minister, Pullman, Washington

"The work at Pulman is progressing. We are having additions nearly every Sunday. We had 100 contributions to missions in November. The minister raised over $700 towards wiping out an old debt of $750. Our aim is to close our first year on April 30, 1921, with all debts paid."

Relief for the Near East

At Batum in Georgia, Transcaucasia, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rambo, who were for a long time missionaries in India under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society and who have a host of friends in America, are doing a work of which America may well be proud and glad.

There are now at that place 8,000 Greeks marooned on the beach and in the lap of the hills, through the failure of the Greek government to send ships to take them away to the new land wrested by the Greek from the Turk.

With almost no aid Mr. and Mrs. Rambo have set to work under Near East Relief auspices to better the desperate conditions of these folk. The miserable refugees in rain-soaked goatskin tents and open sheds, open to the winds, are dying off rapidly from typhus and typhoid, bubonic plague, smallpox, scarlet fever. But with quiet heroism these brave Americans are working among them, bringing good cheer, clothing, supplies and the blessings of education. Mrs. Rambo is especially interested in a school for the orphans who, but for her, would have no teaching. The presence of the Americans has done much to restore the morale which was all but destroyed and to bring new hope to those who looked forward only to death. With Mr. and Mrs. Rambo is Dr. Emily Clarke-MacLeod, a member of the staff of the Massachusetts General Hospital, who is another Florence Nightingale, and who has created a hospital out of almost nothing but a few pieces of burlap and some straw. Medicine of all sorts are wanted, which the Near East Relief is arranging to supply.

This personal note was sent by F. L. Waldo, Associate Editor of the *Evening Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia.

Here are but four of many notable articles coming out of the experiences of the Editor of the Sunday School Times, Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, in the Far East last summer. The series commences in January, and will appear exclusively in the Times.

LEAVING the tiffin table, we went with Dr. Jonathan Goforth across the city of Hankow to the river's edge, where we took a steam launch upstream for several miles until we had reached a great army encampment, the Commanding General's headquarters. There followed one of the most memorable experiences of the entire summer in the Far East, bringing us into personal touch with the Book-of-Acts kind of Christianity in China to-day, in our

Two Hours with China's Christian General

TO MANY, perhaps most, of the non-Christian Chinese "saving their face" is more than saving their honor—in some cases more than saving their life. The constant experiences the missionaries and others are having with the "face saving" Chinese, and the makeshifts and indirections to which people go in order that the all important "face" may be saved, sound like wildly imaginary tales to us of the West. But they are sober facts. And there is a tremendous lesson for us all in

"Saving One's Face" In China

THERE are many missionaries in China who believe that the whole Bible is God-breathed, inerrant and infallible. There are many missionaries in China who do not believe this. For some years past those who have been standing true to "the faith once for all delivered" have had increasing conviction that they must come together in some fellowship as a testimony. On a mountain-top in China, last August, there was born from this deep-seated and widespread conviction a new movement which has tremendously blessed possibilities, and equally tremendous perils. The full story will be told of

China's New Stand for the Old Faith

SAID a veteran missionary, last summer: "We pray the Lord of the harvest that he will thrust forth laborers into the harvest, and then we send those laborers to seminaries where they are unfitted, wholly incapacitated, to work in the harvest field." When some seminaries and pulpits and Sunday-school classes in Christian lands are denying the Word of God, the deity of Christ, the substitutionary atonement, the miracles, and so much else, it is not surprising that the mission field is suffering from this. The church at home must know the truth as to

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Christy Institute, Osaka, Japan, Has Nearly 500 Students

"One of our students at Christy Institute was baptized this month. At the beginning of the autumn term our Institute is overcrowded. There are 362 boys enrolled in the English class. There are fourteen in the typewriting department. One hundred sixteen girls are enrolled in the English classes and twenty in the typewriting classes. Altogether we have nearly five hundred students enrolled.

"Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scott and their two children, and the Misses Fleming, Cowdrey, Furman and Griffith were all visitors in Osaka this month on their way to India."

Frank Garrett Reports for Boy's School, Nantungchow, China

"You may be glad to know the school has opened in the new buildings. They are very substantial and very satisfactory. We have seventy-two boys—all we can take care of now—and have turned many away as not just the grade we want. We have collected in cash $3,071 as fees and tuition for the half year. About $350 is still due from the students, but it will be paid. This will give us, for the term, about $1,600 as tuition and incidental fees. This is between thre and four hundred more than enough to pa all teachers and servants. The other hal of the total receipts goes for board an uniforms. We get no profit or loss on tha That is not bad, I think, for the first an second year classes."

The Missionary

When you want a place to stay,
See the missionary.
He'll receive you without pay,
Will the missionary.
You will get his very best;
Though you be a transient guest
You will find a welcome rest
With the missionary.

If you want some one to shop,
Ask the missionary.
Though he's busy he will stop,
Kindly missionary.
He will buy your jade and brass,
Cloisonne and real damask,
And no discount will he ask;
Foolish missionary.

Do you want to open trade,
Get a missionary.
He for commerce paths has made,
Has the missionary.
He the jungles will explore,
Find your oil and find your ore,
Make secure the "open door,"
Busy missionary.

Is your money running short,
Try a missionary.
You will find that he's a sport,
Is this missionary.
He'll divide his last red cent,
Though his salary's over spent,
And he may not get what's lent,
Not the missionary.

After he has favored you,
Has this missionary,
Given far more than your due,
Trustful missionary.
Knock his work where'er you go,
Hit him high and hit him low;
Will he give back blow for blow—
Not one missionary.

—*A Missionary in a Japanese Ne paper.*

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Reading from left to right they are Miss Nancy Fry, Miss Harriet Blankenbiller, both preparing for China; Miss Esther Harrod, Miss Leta Brown, preparing for India; Miss Tessie Williams, for Africa.